



THE
WORKS
OF
COOPER, AMERICAN.

VOL. XXIV.

LIONEL LINCOLN. VOL. IV.

ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1829.

2

LIONEL LINCOLN;
OR,
THE LEAGUER OF BOSTON.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF THE "SPY, PILOT, PIONEERS,"
etc. etc. etc.

First let me talk with this philosopher.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

~~~~~  
ZWICKAU,  
PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1829.



THE JOURNAL OF THE

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

FOR THE YEAR 1911

CHICAGO, ILL.

1911

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY THE ASSOCIATION

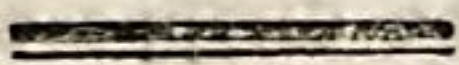
OF AMERICAN PHYSICIANS

1911





**LIONEL LINCOLN ;**  
**OR ,**  
**THE LEAGUER OF BOSTON.**



**CHAPTER XXVI.**

*« Up Fish-street ! down Saint Magnus' corner !  
Kill and knock down ! Throw them into  
Thames !*

*What noise is this I hear ? Dare any be so  
bold to sound*

*Retreat or parley, when I command them kill ? «  
King Henry IV.*



It was rarely, indeed, that the equal-minded Polwarth undertook an adventure with so fell an intent, as was the disposition with which he directed the head of the hunter to be turned



towards the dock-square. He had long known the residence of Job Pray, and often in passing from his lodgings, near the common, into the more fashionable quarter of the town, the good-natured epicure had turned his head to bestow a nod and a smile on the unsophisticated admirer of his skill in the culinary art. But now, as the pung whirled out of Corn-hill into the well-known area, his eye fell on the low and gloomy walls of the warehouse with a far less amicable design. From the time he was apprized of the disappearance of his friend, the captain had been industriously ruminating on the subject, in a vain wish to discover any probable reason that might induce a bridegroom to adopt so hasty, and apparently so unjustifiable a step as the desertion of his bride, and that, too, under circumstances of such peculiar distress. But the more he reasoned the more he found himself involved in the labyrinth of perplexity, until he was glad to seize on the slightest clue which offered, to lead him from his obscurity. It has already been seen in what manner he received the intelligence conveyed through the gorget of M'Fuse, and it now remains for us to show with what commendable ingenuity he improved the hint.

It had always been a matter of surprise to Polwarth, that a man like Lionel should tole-



rate so much of the society of the simpleton, nor had it escaped his observation that the communications between the two were a little concealed under a shade of mystery. He had overheard the foolish boast of the lad, the preceding day, relative to the death of M'Fuse, and the battered ornament, in conjunction with the place where it was found, which accorded so well with his groveling habits, had tended to confirm its truth. The love of Polwarth for the grenadier was second only to his attachment for his earlier friend. The one had avowedly fallen, and he soon began to suspect that the other had been strangely inveigled from his duty by the agency of this ill-gifted changeling. To conceive an opinion, and to become confirmed in its justice, were results generally produced by the same operation of the mind, with this disciple of animal philosophy. Whilst he stood near the tomb of the Lechmeres, in the important character of chief-mourner, he had diligently revolved in his mind the brief arguments which he found necessary to this conclusion. The arrangement of his ideas might boast of the terseness of a syllogism. His proposition and inference were something as follows — Job murdered M'Fuse; some great evil has occurred to Lionel; and therefore Job has been its author.



It is true, there was a good deal of intermediate argument to support this deduction, at which the captain cast an extremely cursory glance, but which the reader may easily conceive, if at all gifted in the way of imagination. It would require no undue belief of the connection between very natural effects and their causes, to show that Polwarth was not entirely unreasonable in suspecting the agency of the simpleton, nor in harbouring the deep and bitter resentment that so much mischief, even though it were sustained from the hand of a fool, was likely to awaken. Be that as it may, by the time the pung had reached the point already mentioned, its rapid motion, which accelerated the ordinarily quiet circulation of his blood, together with the scene through which he had just passed, and the recollections which had been crowding on his mind, conspired to wind up his resolution to a very obstinate pitch of determination. Of all his schemes, embracing, as they did, compulsion, confession and punishment, Job Pray was, of course, destined to be both the subject and the victim.

The shadows of evening were already thrown upon the town, and the cold had long before driven the few dealers in meats and vegetables, who continued to find daily employment around



the ill-furnished shambles, to their several homes. In their stead there was only to be seen a meagre and impoverished follower of the camp, stealing along the shadows of the building, with her half-famished child, as they searched among the offals of the market for some neglected morsel, to eke out the scanty meal of the night. But while the common mart presented this appearance of dullness and want, the lower part of the square exhibited a very different aspect.

The warehouse was surrounded by a body of men in uniform, whose disorderly and rapid movements proclaimed at once, to the experienced eye of the captain, that they were engaged in a scene of lawless violence. Some were rushing furiously into the building, armed with such weapons as the street first offered to their hands, while others returned, filling the air with their threats and outcries. A constant current of eager soldiers was setting out of the dark passages in the neighbourhood towards the place, and every window of the building was crowded with excited witnesses, who clung to the walls, apparently animating those within by their cheers and applause.

When Polwarth bade Shearflint pull the reins, he caught the quick, half-formed sentences that burst from the rioters, and even before



he was able, in the duskiness of the evening, to discover the facings of their uniform, his ear detected the well known dialect of the Royal Irish. The whole truth now broke upon him at once, and throwing his obese person from the sleigh, in the best manner he was able, he hobbled into the throng, with a singular compound of feeling, which owed its birth to the opposing impulses of a thirst for vengeance, and the lingering influence of his natural kindness. Better men than the captain have, however, lost sight of their humanity, under those fierce sympathies that are awakened in moments of tumult and violence. By the time he had forced his person into the large, dark apartment that formed the main building, he had, in a great degree, suffered himself to be worked into a sternness of purpose which comported very ill with his intelligence and rank. He even listened, with unaccountable pleasure, to the threats and denunciations which filled the building; until he foresaw, from their savage nature, there was great danger that one half of his object, the discovery of Lionel, was likely to be frustrated by their fulfilment. Animated anew by this impression, he threw the rioters from him with prodigious energy, and succeeded in gaining a position where he might become a more efficient actor in the fray.



There was still light enough to discover Job Pray placed in the centre of the warehouse, on his miserable bed, in an attitude between lying and sitting. While his bodily condition seemed to require the former position, his fears had induced him to attempt the latter. The large, red blotches which covered his unmeaning countenance, and his flushed eye-balls, too plainly announced that the unfortunate young man, in addition to having become the object of the wrath of a lawless mob, was a prey to the ravages of that foul disorder which had long before lighted on the town. Around this squalid subject of poverty and disease, a few of the hardiest of the rioters, chiefly the surviving grenadiers of the 18th, had gathered; while the less excited, or more timid among them, practised their means of annoyance at a greater distance from the malign atmosphere of the distemper. The bruised and bloody person of the simpleton manifested how much he had already suffered from the hands of his tormentors, who happily possessed no very fatal weapons, or the scene would have been much earlier terminated. Notwithstanding his great bodily debility, and the pressing dangers that beset him on every side, Job continued to face his assailants with a sort of stupid endurance of the pains they inflicted.



At the sight of this revolting spectacle the heart of Polwarth began greatly to relent, and he endeavoured to make himself heard, in the clamour of fifty voices. But his presence was unheeded, for his remonstrances were uttered to ignorant men, wildly bent on vengeance.

“Pull the baist from his rags!” cried one — “’tis not a human man, but a divil’s imp, in the shape of a fellow cratur!”

“For such as *him* to murder the flower of the British army!” said another — “his small-pox is nothing but a foul invintion of the ould one, to save him from his daisarrevings!”

“Would any but a devil invent such a disorder at all!” interrupted a third, who, even in his anger, could not forget his humour. “Have a care, b’ys, he may give it to the whole family the naat’ral way, to save the charges of the inoculation!”

“Have done wid ye’r foolery, Terence,” returned the first, “would ye trifle about death, and *his* unrevenged! Put a coal into his filth, b’ys, and burren *it* and him in the same bon-fire!”

“A coal! a coal! a brand for the divil’s burning!” echoed twenty soldiers, eagerly listening, in the madness of their fury, to the barbarous advice.

Polwarth again exerted himself, though un-



successfully to be heard; nor was it until a dozen voices proclaimed, in disappointment, that the house contained neither fire nor fuel, that the sudden commotion in the least subsided.

“Out of the way! out of the way wid ye!” roared one of gigantic mould, whose heavy nature had, like an overcharged volcano, been slowly wrought up to the eve of a fearful eruption — “Here is fire to destroy a salamander! Be he devil or be he saint, he has great need of his prayers!”

As he spoke, the fellow levelled a musket, and another instant would have decided the fate of Job, who cowered before the danger with instinctive dread, had not Polwarth beat up the piece with his cane, and interposed his body between them.

“Hold your fire, brave grenadier,” he said, warily adopting a middle course between the language of authority and that of counsel. “This is hasty and unsoldier-like. I knew, and loved your late commander well; let us obtain the confessions of the lad before we proceed to punishment — there may be others more guilty than he.”

The men regarded the unexpected intruder with such furious aspects as augured ill of their deference for his advice and station. “Blood



for blood," passed from mouth to mouth, in low, sullen mutterings, and the short pause which had succeeded his appearance was already broken by still less equivocal marks of hostility, when, happily for Polwarth, he was recognised, through the twilight, by a veteran of the grenadiers, as one of the former intimates of M'Fuse. The instant the soldier communicated this discovery to his fellows, the growing uproar again subsided, and the captain was relieved from no small bodily terror, by hearing his own name passing among them, coupled with such amicable additions as, "*his* ould fri'nd!" "an offisher of the light troops" — "he that the ribbils massacred of a leg!" etc. As soon as this explanation was generally understood, his ears were greeted with a burst from every mouth, of —

"Hurrah! for Captain Pollywarreth! "*His* fri'nd! the brave Captain Pollywarreth!"

Pleased with his success, and secretly gratified by the commendations that were now freely lavished on himself, with characteristic liberality, the mediator improved the slight advantage he had obtained, by again addressing them.

"I thank you for your good opinion, my friends," he added, "and must acknowledge it is entirely mutual. I love the Royal Irish, on



account of one that I well knew, and greatly esteemed, and who I fear was murdered in defiance of all the rules of war."

"Hear ye that, Dennis? murdered!"

"Blood for blood!" muttered three or four surly voices at once.

"Let us be deliberate, that we may be just, and just that our vengeance may be awful," Polwarth quickly answered, fearful that if the torrent once more broke loose, it would exceed his powers to stay. "A true soldier always awaits his orders; and what regiment in the army can boast of its discipline, if it be not the 18th! Form yourselves in a circle around your prisoner, and listen, while I extract the truth from him. After that, should he prove guilty, I will consign him to your tenderest mercy."

The rioters, who only saw in the delay a more methodical execution of their own violent purpose, received the proposition with another shout, and the name of Polwarth, pronounced in all the varieties of their barbarous idioms, rung loudly through the naked rafters of the building, while they disposed themselves to comply.

The captain, with a wish to gain time to command his thoughts, required that a light should be struck, in order, as he said, to



study the workings of the countenance of the accused. As the night had now gathered about them in good earnest, the demand was too reasonable for objection, and with the same headlong eagerness that they had manifested a few minutes before, to shed the blood of Job, they turned their attention, with thoughtless versatility, to effect this harmless object. A brand had been brought, for a very different end, when the plan of burning was proposed, and it had been cast aside again with the change of purpose. A few of its sparks were now collected, and some bundles of oakum, which lay in a corner of the warehouse, were fired, and carefully fed in such a manner as, to shed a strong light through every cranny of the gloomy edifice.

By the aid of this fitful glare, the captain succeeded, once more, in marshalling the rioters in such a manner that no covert injury could be offered to Job. The whole affair now assumed, in some measure, the character of a regular investigation. The curiosity of the men without overcame their fears of infection, and they crowded into the place, in earnest attention, until, in a very few moments, no other sound was audible but the difficult and oppressed respiration of their victim. When all the other noises had ceased, and Polwarth per-



ceived, by the eager and savage countenances athwart which the bright glare of the burning hemp was gleaming, that delay might yet be dangerous, he proceeded at once in his inquiries.

“You may see, Job Pray, by the manner in which you are surrounded,” he said, “that judgment has at length overtaken you, and that your only hope for mercy lies in your truth. Answer, then, to such questions as I shall put, and keep the fear of God before your eyes.”

The captain paused, to allow this exhortation to produce its desired effect. But Job, perceiving that his late tormentors were quiet, and to all appearance bent on no immediate mischief, sunk his head languidly upon his blankets, where he lay in silence, watching, with rolling and anxious eyes, the smallest movements of his enemies. Polwarth soon yielded to the impatience of his listeners, and continued —

“You are acquainted with Major Lincoln?”

“Major Lincoln!” grumbled three or four of the grenadiers — “is it of *him* that we want to hear?”

“One moment, my worthy 18ths, I shall come at the whole truth the sooner, by taking this indirect course.”

“Hurrah! for Captain Pollywarreth!” shouted the rioters — “him that the ribbils massacred of a leg!”



“Thank you — thank you, my considerate friends — answer fellow, without prevarication; you dare not deny to me your knowledge of Major Lincoln?”

After a momentary pause, a low voice was heard muttering among the blankets —

“Job knows all the Boston people; and Major Lincoln is a Boston boy.”

“But with Major Lincoln you had a more particular acquaintance — restrain your impatience, men: these questions lead directly to the facts you wish to know.” The rioters, who were profoundly ignorant of what sort of facts they were to be made acquainted with by this examination, looked at each other in uneasy doubt, but soon settled down again into their former deep silence — “You know him better than any other gentleman of the army?”

“He promised Job to keep off the grannies, and Job agreed to run his ar’n’ds.”

“Such an arrangement betrays a greater intimacy than is usual between a wise man and a fool! If you are then so close in league with him, I demand what has become of your associate?”

The young man made no reply,

“You are thought to know the reasons why he has left his friends,” returned Polwarth, “and I now demand that you declare them.”



“Declare!” repeated the simpleton, in his most unmeaning and helpless manner — “Job was never good at his schooling.”

“Nay, then, if you are obstinate, and will not answer, I must withdraw, and permit these brave grenadiers to work their will on you.”

This threat served to induce Job to raise his head, and assume that attitude and look of instinctive watchfulness that he had so recently abandoned. A slight movement of the crowd followed, and the terrible words of “blood for blood,” again passed among them in sullen murmurs. The helpless youth, whom we have been obliged to call an idiot, for want of a better term, and because his mental imbecility removed him without the pale of legal responsibility, now stared wildly about him, with an increasing expression of reason, that might be ascribed to the force of that inward fire which preyed upon his vitals, and which seemed to purify the spirit in proportion as it consumed the material dross of his existence.

“It’s ag’in the laws of the Bay, to beat and torment a fellow-creature,” he said, with a solemn earnestness in his voice, that would have melted hearts of ordinary softness; “and what is more, it’s ag’in His holy book! If you hadn’t made oven-wood of the Old North, and a horse-stable of the Old South, you might



have gone to hear such expounding as would have made the hair rise on your wicked heads!"

The cries of — "Have done wid his foolery," "the imp is playing his games on us!" "As if his wooden mockery was a church at all fit for a ra'al Christian!" were heard on every side, and they were succeeded by the often-repeated and appalling threat of "blood for blood!"

"Fall back, men, fall back," said Polwarth, flourishing his walking-stick in such a manner as effectually to enforce his orders; "wait for his confession before you judge. Fellow, this is the last and trying appeal to your truth — your life most probably depends on the answer. You are known to have been in arms against the crown. — Nay, I myself saw you in the field on that day when the troops a-a-a counter-marched from Lexington; since when you are known to have joined the rebels while the army went out to storm the entrenchment on the heights of Charles-town." At this point in the recapitulation of the offences of Job, the captain was suddenly appalled by a glimpse of the dark and threatening looks that encircled him; and he concluded with a laudable readiness — "On that glorious day when his Majesty's troops scattered your provincial rabble like so many sheep driven from their pastures by dogs!"



The humane ingenuity of Polwarth was rewarded by a burst of loud and savage laughter. Encouraged by this evidence of his power over his auditors, the worthy captain proceeded, with an increased confidence in his own eloquence.

“On that glorious day,” he continued, gradually warming with his subject, “many a gallant gentleman, and hundreds of fearless privates, met their fate. Some fell in open and manly fight, and according to the chances of regular warfare. Some — he — e — m — some have been mutilated; and will carry the marks of their glory with them to the grave.” His voice grew a little thick and husky as he proceeded, but shaking off his weakness, he ended, with an energy that he intended should curdle the heart of the prisoner, “while, fellow, some have been murdered!”

“Blood for blood!” was heard again passing its fearful round. Without attempting any longer to repress the rising spirit of the rioters, Polwarth continued his interrogatories, entirely led away by the strength of his own feelings on this sensitive subject.

“Remember you such a man as Dennis M’Fuse?” he demanded, in a voice of thunder; “he that was treacherously slain in your inmost trenches, after the day was won! Answer me,



knave, were you not among the rabble, and did not your own vile hand the bloody deed?"

A few words were heard from Job, in a low, muttering tone, of which only "the rake-hellies," and "the people will teach 'em the law!" were sufficiently distinct to be understood.

"Murder him! part him sowl from body!" exclaimed the fiercest of the grenadiers.

"Hold!" cried Polwarth, "but one moment more — I would relieve my mind from the debt I owe his memory. Speak, fellow; what know you of the death of the commander of these brave grenadiers?"

Job, who had listened to his words attentively, though his uneasy eyes still continued to watch the slightest movements of his foes, now turned to the speaker with a look of foolish triumph, and answered —

"The 18th came up the hill, shouting like roaring lions; but the Royal Irish had a death-howl, that evening, over their tallest man!"

Polwarth trembled with the violence of the passions that beset him, but while with one hand he motioned to the men to keep back, with the other he produced the battered gorget from his pocket, and held it before the eyes of the simpleton.



“Know you this?” he demanded; “who sent the bullet through this fatal hole?”

Job took the ornament, and for a moment regarded it with an unconscious look. But his countenance gradually lighting with a ray of unusual meaning, he laughed in scornful exultation as he answered —

“Though Job is a fool, he can shoot!”

Polwarth started back aghast, while the fierce resentment of his ruder listeners broke through all restraint. They raised a loud and savage shout, as one man, filling the building with hoarse execrations and cries for vengeance. Twenty expedients to destroy their captive were named in a breath, and with all the characteristic vehemence of their nation. Most of them would have been irregularly adopted, had not the man who attended the burning hemp caught up a bundle of the flaming combustible, and shouted aloud —

“Smolder him in the fiery flames! — he’s an imp of darkness; burren him in his rags from before the face of man!”

The barbarous proposition was received with a sort of frenzied joy, and in another moment a dozen handfuls of the oakum were impending above the devoted head of the helpless lad, Job made a feeble attempt to avert the dreadful fate that threatened him, but he could offer no



other resistance than his own weakened arm, and the object moanings of his impotent mind. He was enveloped in a cloud of black smoke, through which the forked flames had already began to play, when a woman burst into the throng, casting the fiery combustibles from her, on either side as she advanced, with a strength that seemed supernatural. When she had reached the bed, she tore aside the smoking pile with hands that disregarded the heat, and placed herself before the victim, like a fierce lioness at bay in defence of her whelps. In this attitude she stood an instant, regarding the rioters with a breast that heaved with passions too strong for utterance, when she found her tongue, and vented her emotions with all the fearlessness of a woman's indignation.

“Ye monsters in the shape of men, what is't ye do!” she exclaimed, in a voice that rose above the tumult, and had the effect to hush every mouth. “Have ye bodies without hearts! the forms without the bowels of the creatures of God. Who made you judges and punishers of sins! Is there a father among you, let him come and view the anguish of a dying child! Is there a son, let him draw near and look upon a mother's sorrow! Oh! ye savages, worse than the beasts of the howling wilderness, who



have mercy on their kinds, what is't ye do — what is't ye do!"

The air of maternal intrepidity with which this burst from the heart was uttered, could not fail to awe the worst passions of the rioters, who gazed on each other in stupid wonder, as if uncertain how to act. The hushed and momentary stillness was, however, soon broken once more by the low, murmuring threat of, "blood for blood!"

"Cowards! Dastards! Soldiers in name, and demons in your deeds!" continued the undaunted Abigail — "come ye here to taste of human blood! Go — away with you to the hills! and face the men of the Bay, who stand ready to meet you with arms in their hands, and come not hither to bruise the broken reed! Poor, suffering, and stricken as he is, by a hand far mightier than yours, my child will meet you there, to your shame, in the cause of his country, and the law!"

This taunt was too bitter for the unnurtured tempers to which she appealed, and the dying spark of their resentment was at once kindled into a blaze by the galling gibe.

The rioters were again in motion, and the cry of "burn the hag and the imp together," was fiercely raised, when a man of a stout, muscular frame forced his way into the centre



of the crowd, making room for the passage of a female, whose gait and attire, though her person was concealed by a mantle, announced her to be of a rank altogether superior to the usual guests of the warehouse. The unexpected appearance, and lofty though gentle bearing of this unlooked-for visitor, served to quell the rising uproar, which was immediately succeeded by so deep a silence, that a whisper could have been heard in that throng which so lately resounded with violent tumult and barbarous execrations.

---





## CHAPTER XXVII.

*« Slender. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.*

*Shakspeare.*

---

DURING the close of the foregoing scene Polwarth was in a bewildered state that rendered him utterly incapable of exertion, either to prevent or to assist the evil intentions of the soldiery. His discretion, and all his better feelings were certainly on the side of humanity, but the idle vaunt of the simpleton had stirred anew the natural thirst for vengeance. He recognized, at the first glance, in the wan, but speaking lineaments of the mother of Job, those faded remnants of beauty that he had traced, so lately, in the squalid female attendant who was seen lingering near the grave of Mrs Lechmere. As she rushed before the men, with all



the fearlessness of a mother who stood in defence of her child, the brightness of her dark eyes, aided as they were by the strong glare from the scattered balls of fire, and the intense expression of maternal horror that shone in every feature of her countenance, had imparted to her appearance a dignity and interest that greatly served to quell the unusual and dangerous passions that beset him. He was on the point of aiding her appeal by his authority and advice, when the second interruption to the brutal purpose of the men occurred, as just related. The effect of this strange appearance, in such a place, and at such a time, was not less instant on the captain than on the vulgar throng who surrounded him. He remained a silent and an attentive spectator.

The first sensation of the lady, in finding herself in the centre of such a confused and unexpected throng, was unequivocally that of an alarmed and shrinking delicacy; but forgetting her womanish apprehensions in the next moment, she collected the powers of her mind, like one sustained by high and laudable intentions, and, dropping the silken folds of her calash, exhibited the pale, but lovely countenance of Cecil to the view of the wondering bye-standers. After a moment of profound silence, she spoke —



“I know not why I find this fierce collection of faces around the sick-bed of that unfortunate young man,” she said; “but if it be with evil purpose, I charge you to relent, as you love the honour of your gallant profession, or fear the power of your leaders. I boast myself a soldier’s wife, and promise you, in the name of one who has the ear of Howe, pardon for what is past, or punishment for your violence, as you conduct yourselves.”

The rude listeners stared at each other in irresolute hesitation, seeming already to waver in their purpose, when the old grenadier, whose fierceness had so nearly cost Job his life, gruffly replied —

“If you are an officer’s lady, madam, you’ll be knowing how to feel for the friends of him that’s dead and gone; I put it to the face of your ladyship’s reason, if it’s not too much for men to bear, and they such men as the 18ths, to hear a fool boasting on the highways, and through the streets of the town, that he has been the death of the like of Captain M’Fuse, of the grenadiers of that same regiment!”

“I believe I understand you, friend,” returned Cecil, “for I have heard it whispered that the young man was believed to aid the Americans on the bloody day to which you allude — but if it is not lawful to kill in



battle, what are you, whose whole trade is war?"

She was interrupted by half-a-dozen eager, though respectful voices, muttering in the incoherent and vehement manner of their country, "It's all a difference, my lady!" — "Fair fighting isn't foul fighting, and foul fighting is murder!" with many other similar half-formed and equally intelligible remonstrances. When this burst was ended, the same grenadier who had before spoken, took on himself the office of explaining.

"If your ladyship spoke never a word again, ye've said the truth, this time, he answered, though it isn't exactly the truth at all. When a man is kill't in the fair war, it's a God-send; and no true Irishman will gainsay the same; but skulking behind a dead body, and taking aim into the f'atures of a fellow-creature, is what we complain of ag'inst the bloody-minded rascal. Besides, wasn't the day won? and even *his* death couldn't give *them* the victory!"

"I know not all these nice distinctions in your dreadful calling, friend," Cecil replied, "but I have heard that many fell after the troops mounted the works."

"That did they; sure your ladyship is knowing all about it! and it's the more need that some should be punished for the murders! It's



hard to tell when we've got the day with men who make a fight of it after they are fairly baiten !”

“That others suffered under similar circumstances,” continued Cecil, with a quivering lip, and a tremulous motion of her eyelids, “I well know, but had never supposed it more than the usual fortune of every war. But even if this youth has erred — look at him ! Is he an object for resentment of men who pride themselves on meeting their enemies on equal terms ! He has long been visited by a blow from a hand far mightier than yours, and even now is labouring, in addition to all other misfortunes, under that dangerous distemper whose violence seldom spares those it seizes. Nay, you, in the blindness of your anger, expose yourselves to its attacks, and when you think only of revenge, may become its victims !”

The crowd insensibly fell back as she spoke, and a large circle was left around the bed of Job, while many in the rear stole silently from the building, with a haste that betrayed how completely apprehension had got the better of their more evil passions. Cecil paused but an instant, and pursued her advantage.

“Go,” she said ; “leave this dangerous vicinity. I have business with this young man, touching the interests, if not the life of one



dear, deservedly dear to the whole army, and would be left alone with him and his mother. Here is money — retire to your own quarters, and endeavour to avert the danger you have so wantonly braved, by care and regimen. Go; all shall be forgotten and pardoned.”

The reluctant grenadier took her gold, and perceiving that he was already deserted by most of his companions, he made an awkward obeisance to the fair being before him, and withdrew, not without, however, casting many a savage and sullen glance at the miserable wretch who had been thus singularly rescued from his vengeance. Not a soldier now remained in the building, and the noisy and rapid utterance of the retiring party, as each vehemently recounted his deeds, soon became inaudible in the distance.

Cecil then turned to those who remained, and cast a rapid glance at each individual of the party. The instant she encountered the wondering look of Polwarth, the blood mantled her pale features once more, and her eyes fell, for an instant, in embarrassment, to the floor.

“I trust we have been drawn here for a similar purpose, Captain Polwarth,” she said, when the slight confusion had passed away — “the welfare of a common friend?”

“You have not done me injustice,” he replied.



“When the sad office, which your fair cousin charged me with, was ended, I hastened hither to follow a clue which I have reason to believe will conduct us to — —”

“What we most desire to find,” said Cecil, involuntarily glancing her anxious eyes towards the other spectators. “But our first duty is humanity. Cannot this miserable young man be re-conveyed to his own apartment, and have his hurts examined.”

“It may be done now, or after our examination,” returned the captain, with a cool indifference, that caused Cecil to look up at him in surprise. Perceiving the unfavourable impression his apathy had produced, Polwarth turned carelessly to a couple of men who were still curious lookers-on, at the outer door of the building; he called to them — “Here, Shearflint, Meriton, remove the fellow into yonder room.”

The servants in waiting, who had been hitherto wondering witnesses of all that passed, received this mandate with strong disgust. Meriton was loud in his murmurs, and approached the verge of disobedience, before he consented to touch such an object of squalid misery. As Cecil, however, enforced the order by her wishes, the disagreeable duty was performed, and Job replaced on his pallet in the tower, from which



he had been rudely dragged an hour before by the soldiers.

At the moment when all danger of further violence disappeared, Abigail had sunk on some of the lumber of the apartment, where she remained during the removal of her child in a sort of stupid apathy. When, however, she perceived that they were now surrounded by those who were bent on deeds of mercy rather than of anger, she slowly followed into the little room, and became an anxious observer of the succeeding events.

Polwarth seemed satisfied with what had been done for Job, and now stood aloof, in sullen attendance on the pleasure of Cecil. The latter, who had directed every movement with female tenderness and care, bade the servants retire into the outer room and wait her orders. When Abigail, therefore, took her place, in silence, near the bed of her child, there remained present, besides herself and the sick, only Cecil, the captain, and the unknown man, who had apparently led the former to the warehouse. In addition to the expiring flames of the oakum, the feeble light of a candle was shed through the room, merely rendering the gloomy misery of its tenants more striking.

Notwithstanding the high, but calm resolution which Cecil had displayed in the foregoing



scene with the rioters, and which still manifested itself, in the earnest brightness of her intelligent eye, she appeared willing to profit by the duskiness of the apartment, to conceal her expressive features from the gaze of even the forlorn female. She placed herself in one of the shadows of the room, and partly raised the calash, by a graceful movement of one of her hands, while she addressed the simpleton —

“Though I have not come hither with any intent to punish, nor in any manner to intimidate you with threats, Job Pray,” she said, with an earnestness that rendered the soft tones of her voice doubly impressive — “yet have I come to question you on matters that it would be wrong, as well as cruel in you to misrepresent, or in any manner to conceal.”

“You have little cause to fear that any thing but the truth will be uttered by my child,” interrupted Abigail. “The same Power that destroyed his reason, has dealt tenderly with his heart — the boy knows no guile — would to God the same could be said of the sinful woman who bore him!”

“I hope the character you give your son will be supported by his conduct,” replied Cecil: “with this assurance of his integrity, I will directly question him. But that you may see I take no idle liberty with the young man, let



me explain my motives!" She hesitated a moment, and averted her face unconsciously, as she continued — "I should think, Abigail Pray, that my person must be known to you?"

"It is — it is," returned the impatient woman, who appeared to feel the feminine and polished elegance of the other a reproach to her own misery — "you are the happy and wealthy heiress of her whom I have seen this day laid in her vault. The grave will open for all alike; the rich and the poor, the happy as well as the wretched! Yes — yes, I know you! you are the bride of a rich man's son!"

Cecil shook back the dark tresses that had fallen about her countenance, and raised her face, tinged with its richest bloom, as she answered, with an air of matronly dignity —

"If you then know of my marriage, you will at once perceive that I have the interest of a wife in Major Lincoln — I would wish to learn his movements of your son."

"Of my boy! of Job! from the poor despised child of poverty and disease, would you learn tidings of your husband? — no — no, young lady, you mock us; he is not worthy to be in the secrets of one so great and happy!"

"Yet am I deceived if he is not! Has there not been one called Ralph a frequent inmate of your dwelling, during the past year, and



has he not been concealed here within a very few hours?"

Abigail started at this question, though she did not hesitate to answer, without prevarication —

"It is true — if I am to be punished for harbouring a being that comes I know not whence, and goes I know not whither; who can read the heart, and knows what man, by his own limited powers could never know, I must submit. He was here yesterday; he may be here again to-night; for he comes and goes at will. Your generals and army may interfere, but such as I dare not forbid it!"

"Who accompanied him when he departed last?" asked Cecil, in a voice so low that, but for the profound stillness of the place, it would have been inaudible.

"My child — my weak, unmeaning, miserable child!" said Abigail, with a reckless promptitude that seemed to court any termination to her misery, however sudden or adverse. "If it be treasonable to follow in the footsteps of that nameless man, Job has much to answer for!"

"You mistake my purpose — good, rather than evil, will attend your answers, should they be found true."

"True!" repeated the woman, ceasing the rocking motion of her body, and looking proudly



up into the anxious face of Cecil — “but you are great and powerful, and are privileged to open the wounds of the unhappy!”

“If I have said any thing to hurt the feelings of a child, I shall deeply regret the words,” said Cecil, with gentle fervour — “I would rather be your friend than your oppressor, as you will learn when occasion offers.”

“No — no — *you* can never be a friend to *me*!” exclaimed the woman, shuddering; “the wife of Major Lincoln ought never to serve the interests of Abigail Pray!”

The simpleton, who had apparently lain in dull indifference to what was passing, raised himself now from among his rags, and said, with foolish pride —

“Major Lincoln’s lady has come to see Job, because Job is a gentleman’s son!”

“You are the child of sin and misery!” groaned Abigail, burying her head in her cloak — “would that you had never seen the light of day!”

“Tell me, then, Job, whether Major Lincoln himself has paid you this compliment, as well as I,” said Cecil, without regarding the conduct of the mother — “when did you see him last?”

“Perhaps I can put these questions in a more intelligible manner,” said the stranger, with a



meaning glance of his eye towards Cecil, that she appeared instantly to comprehend. He turned then to Job, whose countenance he studied closely, for several moments, before he continued — "Boston must be a fine place for parades and shows, young man; do you ever go to see the soldiers exercise?"

"Job always keeps time in the marchings," returned the simpleton; "'tis a grand sight to see the grannies treading it off to the awful sound of drums and trumpets!"

"And Ralph," said the other, soothingly — "does he march in their company too?"

"Ralph! he's a great warrior; he teaches the people their trainings, out on the hills — Job sees him there every time he goes for the major's provisions."

"This requires some explanation," said the stranger.

"'Tis easily obtained," returned the observant Polwarth. "The young man has been the bearer of certain articles, periodically, from the country into the town, during the last six months, under the favour of a flag."

The man mused a moment before he pursued the subject.

"When were you last among the rebels, Job?" he at length asked.

"You had best not call the people rebels,"



muttered the young man, sullenly, "for they wont put up with bitter names!"

"I was wrong, indeed," said the stranger. "But when went you last for provisions?"

"Job got in last Sabba'day morning; and that's only yesterday!"

"How happened it, fellow, that you did not bring the articles to me?" demanded Polwarth, with a good deal of impatient heat.

"He has unquestionably a sufficient reason for the apparent neglect," said the cautious and soothing stranger. "You brought them here, I suppose, for some good reason?"

"Ay! to feed his own gluttony!" muttered the irritated captain.

The mother of the young man clasped her hands together convulsively, and made an effort to rise and speak, but she sunk again into her humble posture, as if choked by emotions that were too strong for utterance.

This short, but impressive pantomime was unnoticed by the stranger, who continued his inquiries in the same cool and easy manner as before.

"Are they yet here?" he asked.

"Certain," said the unsuspecting simpleton; "Job has hid them till Major Lincoln comes back. Both Ralph and Major Lincoln forgot to tell Job what to do with the provisions."



“In that case I am surprised you did not pursue them with your load.”

“Every body thinks Job’s a fool,” muttered the young man; “but he knows too much to be lugging provisions ag’in among the people. Why!” he continued raising himself, and speaking, with a bright glare dancing across his eyes, that betrayed how much he prized the envied advantage — “the Bay-men come down with cart-loads of things to eat, while the town is filled with hunger!”

“True, I had forgotten they were gone out among the Americans — of course they went under the flag that you bore in?”

“Job didn’t bring any flag — insigns carry the flags! He brought a turkey, a grand ham, and a little sa’ce — there wasn’t any flag among them.”

At the sound of these eatables, the captain pricked up his ears, and he probably would have again violated the rigid rules of decorum, had not the stranger continued his questions.

“I see the truth of all you say, my sensible fellow,” he observed. “It was easy for Ralph and Major Lincoln to go out by means of the same privilege that you used to enter?”

“To be sure,” muttered Job, who, tired of the questions, had already dropped his head



again among his blankets — “Ralph knows the way — he’s Boston born!”

The stranger turned to the attentive bride, and bowed, as if he were satisfied with the result of his examination. Cecil understood the expression of his countenance, and made a movement towards the place where Abigail Pray was seated on a chest, betraying, by the renewed rocking of her body, and the low groans that from time to time escaped her, the agony of mind she endured.

“My first care,” she said, speaking to the mother of Job, “shall be to provide for your wants. After which I may profit by what we have now gathered from your son.”

“Care not for me and mine!” returned Abigail, in a tone of bitter resignation; “the last blow is struck, and it behoves such as we to bow our heads to it in submission. Riches and plenty could not save your grandmother from the tomb, and perhaps Death may take pity, ere long, on me. What do I say, sinner that I am! can I never bring my rebellious heart to wait his time!”

Shocked at the miserable despair that the other exhibited, and suddenly recollecting the similar evidences of a guilty life that the end of Mrs Lechmere had revealed, Cecil continued silent, in sensitive distress. After a moment,



to collect her thoughts, she said, with the meekness of a Christian, united to the soothing gentleness of her sex —

“We are surely permitted to administer to our earthly wants, whatever may have been our transgressions. At a proper time I will not be denied in my wish to serve you. Let us now go,” she added, addressing her unknown companion — then observing Polwarth making an indication to advance to her assistance, she gently motioned him back, and anticipated his offer, by saying, “I thank you, sir — but I have Meriton, and this worthy man, besides my own maid without — I will not further interfere with your particular objects.”

As she spoke, she bestowed a melancholy, though sweet smile on the captain, and left the tower and the building, before he could presume to dispute her pleasure. Notwithstanding Cecil and her companion had obtained from Job all that he could expect, or in fact had desired to know, Polwarth lingered in the room, making those preparations that should indicate an intention to depart. He found, at length, that his presence was entirely disregarded by both mother and child. The one was still sitting, with her head bowed to her bosom, abandoned to her own sorrows, while the other had sunk into his customary dull lethargy,



giving no other signs of life than by his laboured and audible breathing. The captain, for a moment, looked upon the misery of the apartment, which wore a still more dreary aspect under the dull light of the paltry candle, as well as at the disease and suffering which were too plainly exhibited in the persons of its abject tenants; but the glance at neither served to turn him from his purpose. Temptation had beset the humble follower of Epicurus in a form that never failed to subdue his most philosophic resolutions, and, in this instance, it prevailed once more over his humanity. Approaching the pallet of the simpleton, he spoke to him in a sharp voice, saying.

“You must reveal to me what you have done with the provisions with which Mr Seth Sage has entrusted you, young man — I cannot overlook so gross a violation of duty, in a matter of such singular importance. Unless you wish to have the grannies of the 18th back upon you, speak at once and speak truly.”

Job continued obstinately silent, but Abigail raised her head, and answered for her child —

“He has never failed to carry the things to the quarters of the major, whenever he got back. No, no — if my boy was so graceless as to steal, it would not be *him* that he would rob!”

“I hope so — I hope so, good woman; but



this is a sort of temptation to which men yield easily in times of scarcity," returned the impatient captain, who probably felt some inward tokens of his own frailty in such matters — "If they had been delivered, should not I have been consulted concerning their disposition! The young man acknowledges that he quitted the American camp yesterday at an early hour."

"No, no," said Job, "Ralph made him come away on Saturda'-night. He left the people without his dinner!"

"And repaid his loss by eating the stores! Is this your honesty, fellow?"

"Ralph was in such a hurry that he wouldn't stop to eat. Ralph's a proper warrior, but he doesn't seem to know how sweet it is to eat!"

"Glutton! gormandizer! Thou ostrich of a man!" exclaimed the angry Polwarth — "is it not enough that you have robbed me of my own, but you must make me more conscious of my loss by thy silly prating?"

"If you really suspect my child of doing wrong to his employers," said Abigail, "you know neither his temper nor his breeding. I will answer for him, and with bitterness of heart do I say it, that nothing in the shape of food has entered his mouth, for many long and weary hours. Hear you not his piteous longings



for nourishment? God, who knows all hearts, will hear and believe his cry!"

"What say you, woman!" cried Polwarth, aghast with horror, "not eaten did you say! — Why hast thou not, unnatural mother, provided for his wants — why has he not shared in your meals?"

Abigail looked up into his face with eyes that gleamed with hopeless want, as she answered —

"Would I willingly see the child of my body perish of hunger! The last crumb he had was all that was left me, and that came from the hands of one, who, in better justice, should have sent me poison!"

"Nab don't know of the bone that Job found before the barracks," said the young man, feebly; "I wonder if the king knows how sweet bones are?"

"And the provisions, the stores!" cried Polwarth, nearly choking — "foolish boy, what hast thou done with the provisions?"

"Job knew the grannies couldn't find them under that oakum," said the simpleton, raising himself to point out their place of concealment, with silly exultation — "when Major Lincoln comes back, may-be he'll give Nab and Job the bones to-pick!"

Polwarth was no sooner made acquainted with



the situation of the precious stores than he tore them from their concealment, with the violence of a maniac. As he separated the articles with an unsteady hand, he rather panted than breathed; and during the short operation, every feature in his honest face was working with extraordinary emotion. Now and then he muttered in an under tone — “no food!” “suffering of inanition!” or some such expressive exclamation, that sufficiently explained the current of his thoughts. When all was fairly exposed, he shouted, in a tremendous voice —

“Shearflint! thou rascal! Shearflint — where have you hidden yourself?”

The reluctant menial knew how dangerous it was to hesitate answering a summons uttered in such a voice, and while his master was yet repeating his cries, he appeared at the door of the little apartment, with a face expressive of the deepest attention.

“Light up the fire, thou prince of idlers!” Polwarth continued, in the same high strain; “here is food, and there is hunger! God be praised that I am the man who is permitted to bring the two acquainted! Here, throw on oakum — light up, light up!”

As these rapid orders were accompanied by a corresponding earnestness of action, the servant, who knew his master’s humour, set himself



most diligently at work to comply. A pile of the tarred combustible was placed on the dreary and empty hearth, and by a touch of the candle it was lighted into a blaze. As the roar of the chimney, and the bright glare were heard and seen, the mother and child both turned their longing eyes towards the busy actors in the scene. Polwarth threw aside his cane, and commenced slicing the ham with a dexterity that denoted great practice, as well as an eagerness that renewed the credit of his disgraced humanity.

“Bring wood — hand down that apology for a gridiron — make coals, make coals at once, rascal,” he said at short intervals — “God forgive me, that I should ever have meditated evil to one suffering under the heaviest of curses! — D’ye hear, thou Shearflint! bring more wood; I shall be ready for the fire in a minute.”

“’Tis impossible, sir,” said the worried domestic; “I have brought the smallest chip there is to be found — wood is too precious in Boston to be lying in the streets.”

“Where do you keep your fuel, woman?” demanded the captain, unconscious that he addressed her in the same rough strain that he used to his menial — “I am ready to put down.”



“You see it all, you see it all!” said Abigail, in the submissive tones of a stricken conscience; “the judgment of God has not fallen on me singly!”

“No wood! no provisions!” exclaimed Polwarth, speaking with difficulty — then dashing his hand across his eyes, he continued to his man, in a voice whose hoarseness he intended should conceal his emotion — “thou villain, Shearflint, come hither — unstrap my leg.”

The servant looked at him in wonder, but an impatient gesture hastened his compliance.

“Split it into ten thousand fragments; ’tis seasoned and ready for the fire. The best of them, they of flesh I mean, are but useless incumbrances, after all! A cook wants hands, eyes, nose, and palate, but I see no use for a leg!”

While he was speaking, the philosophic captain seated himself on the hearth with great indifference, and by the aid of Shearflint the culinary process was soon in a state of forwardness.

“There are people,” resumed the diligent Polwarth, who did not neglect his avocation while speaking, “that eat but twice a-day; and some who eat but once; though I never knew any man thrive who did not supply nature in four substantial and regular meals. These sieges are damnable visitations on humanity, and there



should be plans invented to conduct a war without them. The moment you begin to starve a soldier, he grows tame and melancholy: feed him, and defy the devil! How is it, my worthy fellow, do you like your ham running or dry?"

The savoury smell of the meat had caused the suffering invalid to raise his feverish body, and he sat watching with greedy looks every movement of his unexpected benefactor. His parched lips were already working with impatience, and every glance of his glassy eye betrayed the absolute dominion of physical want over his feeble mind. To this question he made the simple and touching reply of —

"Job isn't particular in his eating."

"Neither am I," returned the methodical gourmand, returning a piece of the meat to the fire, that Job had already devoured in imagination — "one would like to get it up well, notwithstanding the hurry. A single turn more, and it will be fit for the mouth of a prince. Bring hither that trencher, Shearflint — it is idle to be particular about crockery in so pressing a case. Greasy scoundrel, would you dish a ham in its gravy! What a nosegay it is, after all! Come hither, help me to the bed."



“May the Lord, who sees and notes each kind thought of his creatures, bless and reward you for this care of my forlorn boy!” exclaimed Abigail, in the fullness of her heart; “but will it be prudent to give such strong nourishment to one in a burning fever?”

“What else would you give, woman? I doubt not he owes his disease to his wants. An empty stomach is like an empty pocket, a place for the devil to play his gambols in. ’Tis your small doctor who prates of a meagre regimen. Hunger is a distemper of itself, and no reasonable man, who is above listening to quackery, will believe it can be a remedy. Food is the prop of life — and eating, like a crutch to a maimed man — Shearflint, examine the ashes for the irons of my supporter, and then dish a bit of the meat for the poor woman. Eat away, my charming boy, eat away!” he continued, rubbing his hands in honest delight, to see the avidity with which the famishing Job received his boon. “The second pleasure in life is to see a hungry man enjoy his meal. The first being more deeply seated in human nature. This ham has the true Virginia flavour! Have you such a thing as a spare trencher, Shearflint? It is so near the usual hour, I may as well sup. It is rare, indeed, that a man enjoys two such luxuries at once.



The tongue of Polwarth ceased the instant Shearflint administered to his wants; the warehouse, into which he had so lately entered with such fell intent, exhibiting the strange spectacle of the captain, sharing, with social communion, in the humble repast of its hunted and miserable tenants.

---



---

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*“Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile,  
We have some secrets to confer about.”*

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

---

DURING the preceding exhibition of riot and degradation, in the dock-square, a very different state of things existed beneath the roof of a proud edifice that stood in an adjacent street. As was usual at that hour of the night, the windows of the Province-house were brilliant with lights, as if in mockery of the naked dreariness of the neighbouring church, and every approach to that privileged residence of the representative of royalty, was closely guarded by the vigilance of armed men. Into this favoured dwelling it now becomes necessary to remove the scene, in order to pursue the thread of our unpretending narrative.



Domestics, in rich military liveries, might be seen gliding from room to room, in the hurry of a banquet — some bearing vessels of the most generous wines into the apartment where Howe entertained the leaders of the royal army, and others returning with the remnants of a feast, which, though sumptuously served, having felt the scarcity of the times, had offered more to the eyes than to the appetites of the guests. Idlers, in the loose undress of their martial profession, loitered through the halls, and many a wistful glance or lingering look followed the odorous scents, as humbler menials received the viands to transport them into the more secret recesses of the building. Notwithstanding the life and activity which prevailed, every movement was conducted in silence and regularity; the whole of the lively scene affording a happy illustration of the virtues and harmony of order.

Within the walls of that apartment to which every eye seemed directed as to a common centre, in anticipation of the slightest wish of those who revelled there, all was bright and cheerful. The hearth knew no want of fuel; the coarser workmanship of the floor was hid beneath rich and ample carpets, while the windows were nearly lost within the sweeping folds of curtains of figured damask. Every



thing wore an air of exquisite comfort, blended with a species of careless elegance. Even the most minute article of the furniture had been transported from that distant country which was then thought to monopolize all the cunning arts of handicraft, to administer to the pleasures of those, who, however careless of themselves in moments of trial, courted the most luxurious indulgencies in their hours of ease.

Along the centre of this gay apartment was spread the hospitable board of the entertainer. It was surrounded by men in the trappings of high military rank, though here and there might be seen a guest, whose plainer attire and dejected countenance, betrayed the presence of one or two of those misjudging colonists, whose confidence in the resistless power of the crown began already to waver. The lieutenant of the king held his wonted place at the banquet, his dark visage expressing all the heartiness of a soldier's welcome, while he pointed out this or that favourite amongst an abundant collection of wines, that included the choicest liquors of Europe.

"For those who share the mess of a British general, you have encountered rude fare to-day, gentlemen," he cried; though, after all, 'tis such as a British soldier knows how to fatten on, in the service of his master. Fill, gentle-



men; fill in loyal bumpers, for we have neglected our allegiance."

Each glass now stood sparkling and overcharged with wine, when, after a short and solemn pause, the host pronounced aloud, the magical words — "The King." — Every voice echoed the name, after which there literally succeeded a breathless pause; when an old man, in the uniform of an officer of the fleet, first proving his loyalty by flourishing on high his inverted glass, added, with hearty will —

"God bless him!"

"God bless him!" repeated the graceful leader, who has already been more than once named in these pages; "and grant him a long and glorious reign! and should there be no treason in the wish, in death, a Grave like yourself, worthy admiral — 'Sepulchrum sine sordibus extruere.'"

"Like me!" echoed the blunt seaman, whose learning was somewhat impaired by hard and long service — "I am, it is true, none of your cabin-window gentry, but his majesty might stoop lower than by favouring a faithful servant, like me, with his gracious presence."

"Your pardon, sir, I should have included, 'permissum arbitrio.'"

The equivoque had barely excited a smile, when the sedate countenance of the commander-in-chief indicated that the subject was too se-



rious for a jest. Nor did the naval chieftain appear to relish the unknown tongue! for quite as much, if not a little more offended with the liberty taken with his own name, than with the privileged person of the sovereign, he somewhat smartly retorted —

“Permitted or not permitted, I command the fleet of his majesty in these waters, and it shall be noted as a cheerful day in our log-books, when you gentlemen of the army dismiss us to our duty again on the high seas. A sailor will grow as tired of doing nothing, as ever a soldier did of work, and I like ‘elbow-room’ even in my coffin — ha, ha, ha — what d’ye think of that, Master Wit — ha, ha, ha — what d’ye say to that?”

“Quite fair, well deserved, and cuttingly severe, admiral,” returned the undisturbed soldier, smiling with perfect self-possession, as he sipped his wine. “But as you find confinement and leisure so irksome, I will presume to advise your seizing some of these impudent Yankees who look into the port so often, not only robbing us of our stores, but offending so many loyal eyes with their traitorous presence.”

“I command a parley to be beaten,” interrupted the commander-in-chief, “and a truce to further hostilities. Where all have done



their duty, and have done it so well, even wit must respect their conduct. Let me advise you to sound the contents of that dusty-looking bottle, Mr Graves; I think you will approve the situation as an anchorage for the night."

The honest old seaman instantly drowned his displeasure in a glass of the generous liquor, and smacking his lips after the potations for he repeated the first on the moment, he exclaimed —

"Ah! you are too stationary, by half, to stir up the soul of your liquors. Wine should never slumber on its lees until it has been well rolled in the trough of a sea for a few months; then, indeed, you may set it asleep and yourself by the side of it, if you like a cat's nap."

"As orthodox a direction for the ripening of wine as was ever given by a bishop to his butler!" exclaimed his adversary. Another significant glance from his dark-looking superior again checked his wilful playfulness, when Howe profited by the silence, to say with the frank air of a liberal host —

"As motion is just now denied us, the only means I can devise, to prevent my wine from slumbering on its lees, is to drink it."

"Besides which, we are threatened with a visit from Mr Washington, and his thirsty followers, who may save us all trouble in the



matter, unless we prove industrious. In such a dilemma, Mr Graves will not hesitate to pledge me in a glass, though it should be only to disappoint the rebels!" added Burgoyne making a graceful inclination to the half-offended seaman.

"Ay, ay, I would do much more disagreeable things to cheat the rascals of their plunder," returned the mollified admiral, good-naturedly nodding his head before he swallowed his bumper — "If there be any real danger of the loss of such liquid amber as this, 'twould be as well to send it alongside my ship, and I will hoist it in, and find it a birth, though it shares my own codd. I believe I command a fortress which neither Yankee, Frenchman, nor Don, would like to besiege, unless at a respectful distance."

The officers around him looked exceedingly grave, exchanging glances of great meaning, though all continued silent, as if the common subject of their meditations was too delicate to be loudly uttered in such a presence. At length the second in command, who still felt the coldness of his superior, and who had hitherto said nothing during the idle dialogue, ventured a remark, with the gravity and distance of a man who was not certain of his welcome.



“Our enemies grow bold as the season advances,” he said, “and it is past a doubt that they will find us employment in the coming summer. It cannot be denied but they conduct themselves with great steadiness in all their batteries, especially in this last, at the water-side; nor am I without apprehension that they will yet get upon the islands, and render the situation of the shipping hazardous.”

“Get upon the islands! drive the fleet from their anchors!” exclaimed the veteran sailor, in undisguised amazement; “I shall account it a happy day for England, when Washington and his rabble trust themselves within reach of our shot!”

“God grant us a chance at the rascals with the bayonet in the open field,” cried Howe, and an end of these winter-quarters! I say winter-quarters, for I trust no gentleman can consider this army as besieged by a mob of armed peasants! We hold the town, and they the country; but when the proper time shall come — well, sir, your pleasure,” he continued interrupting himself to speak to an upper servant at his elbow.

The man, who had stood for more than a minute, in an attitude of respectful attention, anxious to catch the eye of his master, muttered his message in a low and hurried voice,



as if unwilling to be heard by others, and at the same time conscious of the impropriety of whispering. Most of those around him turned their heads in polite indifference, but the old sailor, who sat too near to be totally deaf, had caught the words, "a lady," which was quite enough to provoke all his merriment, after such a free indulgence of the bottle. Striking his hand smartly on the table, he exclaimed, with a freedom that no other present could have presumed to use —

"A sail! a sail! by George a sail! under what colours, friend; king's or rebels? Here has been a blunder with a vengeance! The cook has certainly been too late, or the lady is too early! ha, ha, ha — oh! you are wicked, free livers in the army!"

The tough old tar enjoyed his joke exceedingly, chuckling with inward delight at his discovery. He was, however, alone in his merriment, none of the soldiers venturing to understand his allusions, any further than by exchanging a few stolen looks of unusual archness. Howe bit his lips, with obvious vexation and sternly ordered the man to repeat his errand in a voice that was more audible.

"A lady," said the trembling menial, "wishes to see your excellency, and she waits your pleasure, sir, in the library."



“Among his books, too!” shouted the admiral — “that would have better become you, my joking friend! I say, young man, is the girl young and handsome?”

“By the lightness of her step, sir, I should think her young; but her face was concealed under a hood.”

“Ay! ay! the jade comes hooded into the house of the king! Damn me, Howe, but modesty is getting to be a rare virtue amongst you gentlemen on shore!”

“’Tis a plain case against you, sir, for even the servant, as you find, has detected that she is light of carriage,” said the smiling Burgoyne, making a half motion towards rising. “It is probably some applicant for relief, or for permission to depart the place. Suffer me to see her, and spare yourself the pain of a refusal?”

“Not at all,” said Howe, gaining his feet with an alacrity that anticipated the more deliberate movement of the other — “I should be unworthy of the trust I hold, could I not lend an occasional ear to a petition. Gentlemen, as there is a lady in the case, I presume to trespass on your indulgence. Admiral, I commend you to my butler, who is a worthy fellow, and can give you all the cruises of the bottle before you, since it left the Island of Madeira.”



He inclined his head to his guests, and passed from the room with a hurried step, that did not altogether consult appearances. As he proceeded through the hall, his ears were saluted by another burst from the hearty old seaman, who, however, enjoyed his humour alone, the rest of the party immediately turning to other subjects, with well-bred dullness. On entering the room already mentioned, Howe found himself in the presence of the female, who, notwithstanding their apparent indifference, was at that very moment occupying the thoughts, and exercising the ingenuity of every man he had left behind him. Advancing at once to the centre of the apartment, with the ease and freedom of a soldier who felt himself without a superior, he asked, with a politeness somewhat equivocal —

“Why am I favoured with this visit? and why has a lady, whose appearance shows she might command friends at any time, assumed this personal trouble?”

“Because I am a suppliant for a favour that might be denied to one who petitioned coldly,” returned a soft, tremulous voice, deep within the covering of a silken calash. “As time is wanting to observe the usual forms of application, I have presumed to come in person, to prevent delay.”



“And surely, one like you can have little reason to dread a repulse,” said Howe, with an attempt at gallantry, that would have better become the man who had offered to be his substitute. While speaking, he advanced a step nigher to the lady, and pointing to her hood, he continued — “Would it not be wise to aid your request, with a view of a countenance that I am certain can speak better than any words — whom have I the honour to receive, and what may be the nature of her business?”

“A wife who seeks her husband,” returned the female, dropping the folds of her calash, and exposing to his steady eyes the commanding loveliness of the chaste countenance of Cecil. The sudden annunciation of her character was forced from the lips of the unclaimed bride, by the freedom of a gaze to which she was unused; but the instant she had spoken, her eyes fell on the floor in embarrassment, and she stood deeply blushing at the strength of her own language, though preserving all the apparent composure and dignity of female pride. The English general regarded her beauty for a moment, with a pleased, though doubting eye, before he continued —

“Is he whom you seek within or without the town?”



“I much fear, without!”

“And you would follow him into the camp of the rebels? This is a case that may require some deliberation. I feel assured I entertain a lady of great beauty; might I, in addition, know how to address her?”

“For my name I can have no reason to blush,” said Cecil, proudly — “’tis noble in the land of our common ancestors, and may have reached the ears of Mr Howe — I am the child of the late Colonel Dynevor.”

“The niece of Lord Cardonnel!” exclaimed her auditor, in amazement, instantly losing the equivocal freedom of his manner in an air of deep respect — “I have long known that Boston contained such a lady; nor do I forget that she is accused of concealing herself from the attentions of the army, like one of the most obdurate of our foes — attentions which every man in the garrison would be happy to show her, from myself down to the lowest ensign — do me the honour to be seated!”

Cecil bowed her acknowledgments, but continued standing —

“I have neither time nor spirits to defend myself from such an imputation,” she answered — “though should my own name prove no passport to your favour, I must claim it in behalf of him I seek.”



“Should he be the veriest rebel in the train of Washington, he has great reason to be proud of his fortune!”

“So far from ranking among the enemies of the king, he has already been lavish of his blood in behalf of the crown,” returned Cecil, unconsciously raising the calash again, with maiden bashfulness, as she felt the moment was approaching when she must declare the name of the man, whose influence over her feelings she had already avowed.

“And he is called?”

The answer was given to this direct question, in a low but distinct voice. Howe started when he heard the well-known name of an officer of so much consideration, though a meaning smile lighted his dark features, as he repeated her words in surprise —

“Major Lincoln! his refusal to return to Europe, in search of health, is then satisfactorily explained! Without the town did you say? there must be some error.”

“I fear it is too true!”

The harsh features of the leader contracted again into their sternest look, and it was apparent how much he was disturbed by the intelligence.

“This is presuming too far on his privilege,” he muttered, in an under tone. — “Left the



place, say you, without my knowledge and approbation, young lady?"

"But on no unworthy errand!" cried the almost breathless Cecil, instantly losing sight of herself in her anxiety for Lionel — "private sorrows have driven him to an act, that, at another time, he would be the first to condemn as a soldier."

Howe maintained a cool, but threatening silence, that was far more appalling than any words could be. The alarmed wife gazed at his lowering face for a minute, as if to penetrate his secret thoughts, then yielding, with the sensitiveness of a woman, to her worst apprehensions, she cried —

"Oh! you would not avail yourself of this confession to do him harm. Has he not bled for you; lingered for months on the verge of the grave, in defence of your cause; and will you now doubt him! Nay, sir, though chance and years may have subjected him, for a time, to your controul, he is every way your equal, and will confront each charge before his royal master, let who may bring them against his spotless name!"

"'Twill be necessary," the other coldly replied.

"Nay, hearken not to my weak, unmeaning words," continued Cecil, wringing her hands,



in doubting distress, "I know not what I say. He has your permission to hold intercourse with the country weekly?"

"For the purpose of obtaining the supplies necessary to his past condition."

"And may he not have gone on such an errand, and under favour of the flag you yourself have cheerfully accorded?"

"In such a case would I not have been spared the pain of this interview?"

Cecil paused a moment, and seemed collecting her scattered faculties, and preparing her mind for some serious purpose. After a little time, she attempted a painful smile, saying, more calmly —

"I had presumed too far 'on military indulgence, and was even weak enough to believe the request would be granted to my name and situation "

"No name, no situation, no circumstances, can ever render — "

"Speak not the cruel words, lest they once more drive me from my recollection," interrupted Cecil. "First hear me, sir — listen to a wife and a daughter, and you will recall the cruel sentence."

Without waiting for a reply, she advanced with a firm and proud step to the door of the room, passing her astonished companion with



an eye and a face beaming with the fullness of her object. In the outer passage, she beckoned from among the loiterers in the hall, to the stranger who had accompanied her in the visit to the warehouse, and when he had approached, and entered the room, the door once more closed, leaving the spectators without wondering whence such a vision of purity could have made its way within the sullied walls of Province-house.

Many long and impatient minutes were passed by the guests in the banquetting-room, during the continuance of the mysterious interview. The jests of the admiral began to flag, just as his companions were inclined to think they were most merited, and the conversation assumed that broken and disjointed character which betrays the wandering of the speakers' thoughts.

At length a bell rang, and orders came from the commander-in-chief, to clear the hall of its curious idlers. When none were left but the regular domestics of the family, Howe appeared, supporting Cecil, closely hooded, to the conveyance that awaited her presence at the gate. The air of their master communicated a deep respect to the manners of the observant menials, who crowded about their persons, to aid the departure, with officious zeal. The



amazed sentinels dropped their arms, with the usual regularity, to their chieftain, as he passed to the outer portal in honour of his unknown companion, and eyes met the expressive glances of eyes, as all who witnessed the termination of this visit sought, in the countenances of those around them, some solution of its object.

When Howe resumed his seat at the table, another attempt was made by the admiral to renew the subject; but it was received with an air so cold, and a look so pointedly severe, that even the careless son of the ocean forgot his humour under the impression of so dark a frown.

---



---

## CHAPTER XXIX.

*«Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,  
Announced their march —»*

*Scott.*

---

CECIL suffered the night to advance a little, before she left Tremont-street, to profit by the permission to leave the place her communication had obtained from the English general. It was, however, far from late when she took leave of Agnes, and commenced her expedition, still attended by Meriton and the unknown man, with whom she has already, more than once, made her appearance in our pages. At the lower part of the town she left her vehicle, and pursuing the route of several devious and retired streets, soon reached the margin of the water. The wharfs were deserted and still. Indicating the course by her own light and hurried footsteps, to her companions, the youthful



bride moved unhesitatingly along the rough planks, untill her progress was checked by a large basin, between two of the ordinary wooden piers which line the shores of the place. Here she paused for a moment in doubt, as if fearful there had been some mistake, when the figure of a boy was seen advancing out of the shadows of a neighbouring store-house.

"I fear you have lost your way," he said, when within a few feet of her, where he stood apparently examining the party with rigid scrutiny. "May I venture to ask whom or what you seek?"

"One who is sent hither, on private duty, by orders from the commander-in-chief."

"I see but two," returned the lad, hesitating — "where is the third?"

"He lingers in the distance," said Cecil, pointing to Meriton, whose footsteps were much more guarded than those of his mistress. "Three is our number, and we are all present."

"I beg a thousand pardons," returned the youth, dropping the folds of a sailor's overcoat, under which he had concealed the distinguishing marks of a naval dress, and raising his hat at the same moment, with great respect; my orders were to use the utmost precaution, ma'am, for, as you hear, the rebels sleep but little to-night!"



“’Tis a dreadful scene I leave, truly, sir,” returned Cecil, “and the sooner it will suit your convenience to transport us from it, the greater will be the obligation you are about to confer.”

The youth once more bowed in submission to her wishes, and requested the whole party to follow whither he should lead. A very few moments brought them to a pair of waterstairs, where, under cover of the duskness thrown upon the basin from the wharf, a boat lay concealed, in perfect readiness to receive them.

“Be stirring, boys!” cried the youth, in a tone of authority; “ship your oars as silently as if stealing away from an enemy. Have the goodness, ma’am, to enter, and you shall have a quick and safe landing on the other shore, whatever may be the reception of the rebels.”

Cecil and her two attendants complied without delay, when the boat glided into the stream with a velocity that promised a speedy verification of the words of the midshipman. The most profound stillness reigned among these nocturnal adventurers, and by the time they had rowed a short distance, the bride began to lose an immediate consciousness of her situation, in contemplation of the scene.

The evening was already milder, and by one of those sudden changes peculiar to the climate,



it was rapidly becoming even bland and pleasant. The light of a clear moon fell upon the town and harbour, rendering the objects of both visible, in mellowed softness. The huge black hulls of the vessels of war rested sullenly on the waters, like slumbering leviathans, without even a sail or a passing boat, except their own, to enliven the view in the direction of the port. On the other hand, the hills of the town rose in beautiful relief against the clear sky, with here and there a steeple reflecting the pale light of the moon. The bosom of the place was as quiet as if its inhabitants were buried in midnight sleep, but behind the hills, in a circuit extending from the works on the heights of Charles-town, to the Neck, which lay in open view of the boat, there existed all the evidences of furious warfare. During the few preceding nights the Americans had been more than commonly diligent in the use of their annoyances, but now they appeared to expend their utmost energies upon their enemies. Still they spared the town, directing the weight of their fire at the different batteries which protected the approaches to the place, as already described, along the western borders of the peninsula.

The ears of Cecil had long been accustomed to the uproar of arms, but this was the first



occasion in which she was ever a witness of the mingled beauties and terrors of a cannonade at night. Suffering the calash to fall, she shook back the dark tresses from her face, and, leaning over the sides of the little vessel, listened to the bursts of the artillery, and gazed on the sudden flashes of vivid light that mocked the dimmer illumination of the planet, with an absorbed attention that momentarily lured her into forgetfulness. The men pulled their light boat with muffled oars, and so still was its progress, that there were instants when even the shot might be heard rattling among the ruins they had made.

“It’s amazement to me, madam,” said Meriton, “that so many British generals and brave gentlemen as there is in Boston, should stay in such a little spot to be shot at by a parcel of countrymen, where there is Lon’non, as still and as safe, at this blessed moment, as a parish churchyard at midnight!”

Cecil raised her eyes at this interruption, and perceived the youth gazing at her countenance in undisguised admiration of its beauty. Blushing, and once more concealing her features beneath her calash, she turned away from the view of the conflict in silence.

“The rebels are free with their gunpowder to-night!” said the midshipman — “Some of



their cruisers have picked up another of our store-ships, I fancy, or Mr Washington would not make such a noisy time of it, when all honest people should be thinking of their sleep. Don't you believe, ma'am, if the admiral would warp three or four of our heaviest ships up into the channel, back of the town, it would be a short method of lowering the conceit of these Yankees?"

Really, sir, I am so little acquainted with military matters," returned Cecil, suffering her anxious features to relax into a smile, "that my opinion, should I venture to give one, would be utterly worthless."

"Why, young gentleman," said Meriton, "the rebels drove a galley out of the river, a night or two ago, as I can testify myself, having stood behind a large brick store, where I saw the whole affair, most beautifully conducted."

"A very fit place for one like you, no doubt, sir," returned the midshipman, without attempting to conceal his disgust at so impertinent an interruption — "do you know what a galley is, ma'am? nothing but a small vessel cut down, with a few heavy guns, I do assure you. It would be a very different affair with a frigate or a two-decker! Do but observe what a charming thing our ship is, ma'am — I am sure so beautiful a lady must know how to admire a



handsome ship! — she lies here-away, nearly in a range with the second island.”

To please the earnest youth, Cecil bent her head toward the quarter he wished, and murmured a few words in approbation of his taste. But the impatient boy had narrowly watched the direction of her eyes, and she was interrupted by his exclaiming in manifest disappointment —

“What! that shapeless hulk, just above the castle! she is an old Dutch prize, *en flute*, ay, older than my grandmother, good old soul! and it wouldn’t matter the value of a piece of junk, into which end you stepped her bowsprit! One of my schoolfellows, Jack Willoughby, is a reefer on board her; and he says that they can just get six knots out of her, on her course in smooth water, with a fresh breeze, allowing seven knots for lee-way! Jack means to get rid of her the moment he can catch the admiral running large, for the Graves’s live near the Willoughbys in town, and he knows all the soundings about the old man’s humour. No, no, ma’am, Jack would give every shot in his lockers to swing a hammock between two of the beams of our ship. Do excuse me, one moment;” — presuming to take one of the hands of Cecil, though with sufficient delicacy, as he pointed out his favourite vessel —



«There, ma'am, now you have her! She that's so taunt rigged, with a flying-jib-boom, and all her top-gallant-yards stopped to her lower rigging — we send them down every night at gun-fire, and cross them again next morning as regularly as the bell strikes eight. — Isn't she a sweet thing, ma'am? for I see she has caught your eye at last, and I am sure you can't wish to look at any other ship in port.»

Cecil could not refuse her commendations to his eloquent appeal, though at the next moment she would have been utterly at a loss to distinguish the much-admired frigate from the despised store-ship.

«Ay, ay, ma'am, I knew you would like her when you once got a glimpse at her proportions,» continued the delighted boy; «though she is not half so beautiful on her broadside, as when you can catch her lasking, especially on her larboard-bow — pull, long and strong, men, and with a light touch of the water — these Yankees have ears as long as horricoes, and we are getting in with the land. This set-down at Dorchester's Neck will give you a long walk, ma'am, to Cambridge; but there was no possibility of touching the rebels any where else to-night, or, as you see, we should have gone right into the face of their cannon.»

«Is it not a little remarkable,» said Cecil,



willing to pay the solicitude of the boy to amuse her, by some reply, "that the colonists, while they invest the town so closely on the north and west, should utterly neglect to assail it on the south; for I believe they have never occupied the hills in Dorchester at all; and yet it is one of the points nearest to Boston!"

"It is no mystery at all," returned the boy, shaking his head with all the sagacity of a veteran — "it would bring another Bunker-hill about their ears; for you see it is the same thing at this end of the place that Charles-town Neck is at the other! a light touch, men, a light touch!" he continued, dropping his voice as they approached the shore; "besides, ma'am, a fort on that hill could throw its shot directly on our decks, a thing the old man would never submit to; and that would either bring on a regular hammering match, or a general clearing out of the fleet; and then what would become of the army! — No, no — the Yankees wouldn't risk driving the cod-fish out of their bay, to try such an experiment! Lay on your oars, boys, while I take a squint along this shore, to see if there are any Jonathans cooling themselves near the beach, by moon-light."

The obedient seamen rested from their labours, while their youthful officer stood up in the boat and directed a small night-glass over the



intended place of landing. The examination proved entirely satisfactory, and, in a low cautious voice, he ordered the men to pull into a place where the shadow of the hills might render the landing still less likely to be observed.

From this moment the most profound silence was observed, the boat advancing swiftly, though under perfect command, to the desired spot, where it was soon heard grazing upon the bottom, as it gradually lost its motion, and finally became stationary. Cecil was instantly assisted to the land, wither she was followed by the midshipman, who jumped upon the shore, with great indifference, and approached the passenger, from whom he was now about to part —

“I only hope that those you next fall in with, may know how to treat you as well as those you leave,” said the boy, approaching, and offering his hand, with the frankness of an older seaman, to Cecil — “God bless you! my dear ma’am; I have two little sisters at home, nearly as handsome as yourself, and I never see a woman in want of assistance, but I think of the poor girls I’ve left in old England — God bless you! once more — I hope when we meet again, you will take a nearer view of the — —”

“You are not likely to part so soon as you

---



imagine," exclaimed a man, springing on his feet, from his place of concealment behind a rock, and advancing rapidly on the party — "offer the least resistance, and you are all dead."

"Shove off, men, shove off, and don't mind me!" cried the youth, with admirable presence of mind. — "For God's sake, save the boat, if you die for it!"

The seamen obeyed with practised alacrity, when the boy darted after them with the lightness of his years, and making a desperate leap, caught the gunwale of the barge, into which he was instantly drawn by the sailors. A dozen armed men had by this time reached the edge of the water, and as many muskets were pointed at the retreating party, when he who had first spoken, cried —

"Not a trigger! the boy has escaped us, and he deserves his fortune! Let us secure those who remain; but if a single gun be fired, it will only draw the attention of the fleet and castle."

His companions, who had acted with the hesitation of men that were not assured the course they took was correct, willingly dropped the muzzles of their pieces, and in another instant the boat was ploughing its way towards the much-admired frigate, at a distance which would probably have rendered their fire quite



harmless. Cecil had hardly breathed during the short period of uncertainty, but when the sudden danger was passed, she prepared herself to receive their captors, with the perfect confidence which an American woman seldom fails to feel in the mildness and reason of her countrymen. The whole party, who now approached her, were dressed in the ordinary habiliments of husbandmen, mingled, in a slight degree, with the more martial accoutrements of soldiers. They were armed with muskets only, which they wielded like men acquainted with all the uses of the weapon, at the same time that they were unaccustomed to the mere manual of the troops.

Every fibre of the body of Meriton, however, shook with fear, as he found this unexpected guard encircling their little party, nor did the unknown man who had accompanied them appear entirely free from apprehension. The bride still maintained her self-possession, supported either by her purpose, or her greater familiarity with the character of the people into whose hands she had fallen.

When the whole party were posted within a few feet of them, they dropped the butts of their muskets on the ground, and stood patient listeners to the ensuing examination. The leader of the party, who was only distinguished from



his companions by a green cockade in his hat, which Cecil had heard was the symbol of a subaltern officer among the American troops, addressed her in a calm, but steady tone —

“It is unpleasant to question a woman,” he said, “and especially one of your appearance; but duty requires it of me. What brings you to this unfrequented point, in the boat of a king’s ship, and at this unusual hour of the night?”

“I come with no intent to conceal my visit from any eyes,” returned Cecil; “for my first wish is to be conducted to some officer of rank, to whom I will explain my object. There are many that I should know, who will not hesitate to believe my words.”

“We none of us profess to doubt your truth; we only act with caution, because it is required by circumstances — cannot the explanation be made to me; for I dislike the duty that causes trouble to a female?”

“’Tis impossible!” said Cecil, involuntarily shrinking within the folds of her mantle.

“You come at a most unfortunate moment,” said the other, musing, “and I fear you will pass an uneasy night, in consequence. By your tongue, I think you are an American?”

“I was born among those roofs, which you may see on the opposite peninsula.”



“Then we are of the same town,” returned the officer, stepping back in a vain attempt to get a glimpse of those features which were concealed beneath the hood. He made no attempt, however, to remove the silk, nor did he in the slightest manner convey any wish of a nature that might be supposed to wound the delicacy of her sex; but, finding himself unsuccessful, he turned away, as he added — “and I grow tired of remaining where I can see the smoke of my own chimneys, at the same time to know that strangers are seated around the hearths below!”

“None wish more fervently than I, that the moment had arrived when each might enjoy his own, in peace and quietness.”

“Let the parliament repeal their laws, and the king recall his troops,” said one of the men, “and there will be an end of the struggle at once. We don’t fight because we love to shed blood!”

“He would do both, friend, if the counsel of one so insignificant as I, could find weight in his royal mind.”

“I believe there is not much difference between a royal mind and that of any other man, when the devil gets hold of it!” bluntly exclaimed another of the party. “I’ve a notion the imp is as mischievous with a king as with a cobbler!”



“Whatever I may think of the conduct of his ministers,” said Cecil, coldly, “’tis unpleasant to me to discuss the personal qualities of my sovereign.”

“Why, I meant no offence; though when the truth is uppermost in a man’s thoughts, he is apt to let it out,” returned the soldier. After this uncouth apology, he continued silent, turning away like one who felt dissatisfied with himself for what he had done.

In the mean time the leader had been consulting with one or two of his men aside. He now advanced again, and delivered the result of their united wisdom.

“Under all circumstances, I have concluded,” he said, speaking in the first person, in deference to his rank, though in fact he had consented to change his own opinion at the instigation of his advisers, “to refer you for information to the nearest general officer, under the care of these two men, who will shew you the way. They both know the country, and there is not the least danger of their mistaking the road.”

Cecil bowed, in entire submission to this characteristic intimation of his pleasure, and declared her anxiety to proceed. The officer held another short consultation with the two guides, which soon terminated by his issuing



orders to the rest of the detachment to prepare to depart. Before they separated, one of the guides, or, more properly, guards, approached Meriton, and said, with a deliberation that might easily be mistaken for doubt —

“As we shall be only two to two, friend, will it not be as well to see what you have got secreted about your person, as it may prevent any hard words or difficulties hereafter. You will see the reason of the thing, I trust, and make no objection.”

“Not at all, sir, not all!” returned the trembling valet, producing his purse, without a moment’s hesitation; “it is not heavy, but what there is in it, is of the best English gold; which I expect is much regarded among you who see nothing but rebel paper!”

“Much as we set store by it, we do not choose to rob for it,” returned the soldier, with cool contempt. “I wish to look for weapons, and not for money.”

“But, sir, as I unluckily have no weapons, had you not better take my money? there are ten good guineas, I do assure you; and not a light one among them all, ’pon honour! besides several pieces of silver.”

“Come, Allen,” said the other soldier, laughing, “it’s no great matter whether that gentleman has arms or not, I believe. His comrade



here, who seems to know rather better what he is about, has none, at any rate; and for one of two men, I am willing to trust the other."

"I do assure you," said Cecil, "that our intentions are peaceable, and that your charge will prove in no manner difficult."

The men listened to the earnest tones of her sweet voice with much deference, and in a few moments the two parties separated, to proceed on their several ways. While the main body of the soldiers ascended the hill, the guides of Cecil took a direction which led them around its base. Their route lay towards the low Neck which connected the heights with the adjacent country, and their progress was both diligent and rapid. Cecil was often consulted as to her ability to endure the fatigue, and repeated offers were made to accommodate their speed to her wishes. In every other respect she was totally disregarded by the guides, who, however, paid much closer attention to her companions, each soldier attaching himself to one of her followers, whom he constantly regarded with a watchful and wary eye.

"You seem cold, friend," said Allen to Meriton, "though I should call the night quite pleasant for the first week in March!"

"Indeed I'm starved to the bones," returned



the valet, with a shivering that would seem to verify his assertion. — “It’s a very chilly climate is this of America, especially of nights! I never really felt such a remarkable dampness about the throat before, within memory, I do assure you.”

“Here is another handkerchief,” said the soldier, throwing him a common kerchief from his pocket — “wrap it round your neck, for it gives me an ague to hear your teeth knocking one another about so.”

“I thank you, sir, a thousand times,” said Meriton, producing his purse again, with an instinctive readiness — “what may be the price?”

The man pricked up his ears, and dropping his musket from the guarded position in which he had hitherto carried it, he drew closer to the side of his prisoner, in a very companionable way, as he replied —

“I did not calculate on selling the article; but if you have need of it, I wouldn’t wish to be hard.”

“Shall I give you one guinea, or two, Mr Rebel?” asked Meriton, whose faculties were utterly confounded by his terror.

“My name is Allen, friend, and we like civil language in the Bay,” said the soldier. “Two guineas for a pocket-handkerchief! I couldn’t think of imposing on any man so much!”



“What shall it be then, half a guinea, or four half-crown pieces?”

“I didn’t at all calculate to part with the handkerchief when I left home — it’s quite new, as you can see by holding it up, in this manner, to the moon — besides, you know, now there is no trade, these things come very high. — Well, if you are disposed to buy, I don’t wish to crowd; you may take it, finally, for the two crowns.”

Meriton dropped the money into his hands, without hesitation, and the soldier pocketed the price, perfectly satisfied with his bargain and himself, since he had sold his goods at a clear profit of about three hundred per cent. He soon took occasion to whisper to his comrade, that in his opinion “he had made a good trade,” and laying their heads together, they determined that the bargain was by no means a bad wind-fall. On the other hand, Meriton, who knew the difference in value between cotton and silk, quite as well as his American protectors, was equally well satisfied with the arrangement; though his contentment was derived from a very different manner of reasoning. From early habit, he had long been taught to believe that every civility, like patriotism in the opinion of Sir Robert Walpole, had its price; and his fears had rendered him somewhat



careless about the amount of the purchase-money. He now considered himself as having a clear claim on the protection of his guard, and his apprehensions gradually subsided into security under the soothing impression.

By the time this satisfactory bargain was concluded, and each party was lawfully put in possession of his own, they had reached the low land already mentioned as the "Neck." Suddenly the guard stopped, and bending forward, in the attitude of deep attention, they seemed to listen, intently, to some faint and distant sounds that were, for moments, audible in the intervals of the cannonade.

"They are coming," said one to the other; "shall we go on, or wait until they've passed?"

The question was answered in a whisper, and, after a short consultation, they determined to proceed.

The attention of Cecil had been attracted by this conference, and the few words which had escaped her guides; and, for the first time, she harboured some little dread as to her final destination. Full of the importance of her errand, the bride now devoted every faculty to detect the least circumstance that might have a tendency to defeat it. She trod so lightly on the faded herbage as to render her own footsteps inaudible, and more than once she was



about to request the others to imitate her example, that no danger might approach them unexpectedly. At length her doubts were relieved, though her wonder was increased, by distinctly hearing the lumbering sounds of wheels on the frozen earth, as if innumerable groaning vehicles were advancing with slow and measured progress. In another instant her eyes assisted the organs of hearing, and by the aid of the moon, her doubts, if not her apprehensions, were entirely removed.

Her guards now determined on a change of purpose, and withdrew with their prisoners within the shadow of an apple-tree that stood on the low land, but a few paces from the line of the route evidently taken by the approaching vehicles. In this position they remained for several minutes, attentive observers of what was passing around them.

"Our men have woke up the British by their fire," said one of the guards, "and all their eyes are turned to the batteries!"

"Yes, it's very well as it is," returned his comrade, "but if the old brass congress mortar hadn't gi'n way yesterday, there would be a different sort of roaring. Did you ever see this old congress?"

"I can't say I ever saw the cannon itself, but I have seen the bombs fifty times; and pokerish-



looking things they be, especially in a dark night — but hush, here they come.”

A large body of men now approached, and moved swiftly past them, in deepest silence, defiling at the foot of the hills, and marching towards the shores of the peninsula. The whole of this party was attired and accoutred much in the fashion of those who had received Cecil. One or two who were mounted, and in more martial trappings, announced the presence of some officers of higher rank. At the very heels of this detachment of soldiers, came a great number of carts, which took the route that led directly up to the neighbouring heights. After these came another, and more numerous body of troops, who followed the teams, the whole moving in the profoundest stillness, and with the diligence of men who were engaged in the most important undertaking. In the rear of the whole, another collection of carts appeared, groaning under the weight of large bundles of hay, and other military preparations of defence. Before this latter division left the low land, immense numbers of the closely-packed bundles were rumbled to the ground, and arranged, with a quickness almost magical, in such a manner as to form a light breast-work across the low ground, which would otherwise have been completely exposed to be swept by



the shot of the royal batteries; a situation of things that was believed to have led to the catastrophe of Breeds, the preceding summer.

Among the last of those who crossed the Neck, was an officer on horseback, whose eye was attracted by the group who stood as idle spectators under the tree. Pointing out the latter object to those around him, he rode nigher to the party, and leaned forward in his saddle to examine their persons —

“How’s this!” he exclaimed — “a woman and two men under the charge of sentinels! Have we then more spies among us — cut away the tree, men; we have need of it, and let in the light of the moon upon them!”

The order was hardly given before it was executed, and the tree felled with a dispatch that, to any but an American, would appear incredible. Cecil stepped aside from the impending branches, and, by moving into the light, betrayed the appearance of a gentle-woman by her mien and apparel.

“Here must be some mistake!” continued the officer — “why is the lady thus guarded?”

One of the soldiers in a few words explained the nature of her arrest, and in return received the directions, anew, how to proceed. The mounted officer now put spurs to his horse, and galloped away in eager pursuit of more pressing



duties, though he still looked behind him, so long as the deceptive light enabled him to distinguish either form or features.

"'Tis advisable to go on the heights," said the soldier, "where we may find the commanding general."

"Any where," returned Cecil, confused with the activity and bustle that had passed before her eyes, "or any thing, to be relieved from this distressing delay."

In a very few moments they reached the summit of the nearest of the two hills, where they paused just without the busy circle of men who laboured there, while one of the soldiers went in quest of the officer in command. From the point where she now stood, Cecil had an open view of the port, the town, and most of the adjacent country. The vessels still reposed heavily on the waters, and she fancied that the youthful midshipman was already nestling safe in his own hammock, on board the frigate, whose tall and tapering spars rose against the sky in such beautiful and symmetrical lines. No evidences of alarm were manifested in the town; but, on the contrary, the lights were gradually disappearing, notwithstanding the heavy cannonade which still roared along the western side of the peninsula; and it was probable that Howe, and his unmoved companions, yet continued



their revels, with the same security in which they had been left two short hours before. While, with the exception of the batteries, every thing in the distance was still and apparently slumbering, the near view was one of life and activity. Mounds of earth were already rising on the crest of the hill — labourers were filling barrels with earth and sand; fascines were tumbling about from place to place, as they were wanted, and yet the stillness was only interrupted by the unremitting strokes of the pick, the low and earnest hum of voices, or the crashing of branches, as the pride of the neighbouring orchards came crushing to the earth. The novelty of the scene beguiled Cecil of her anxiety, and many minutes passed unheeded by. Fifty times parties, or individuals amongst the labourers, approaching near her person, paused to gaze a moment at the speaking and sweet features that the placid light of the moon rendered even more than usually soft, and then pushed on in silence, endeavouring to repair, by renewed diligence, the transient forgetfulness of their urgent duties. At length the man returned, and announced the approach of the general who commanded on the hill. The latter was a soldier of middle age, of calm and collected deportment, roughly attired for the occasion, and bearing no other symbol of his



rank than the distinctive crimson cockade, in one of the large military hats of the period.

“You find us in the midst of our labours,” he pleasantly observed, as he approached; “and will overlook the delay I have given you. It is reported you left the town this evening?”

“Within the hour.”

“And Howe — dreams he of the manner in which we are likely to amuse him in the morning?”

“It would be affectation in one like me,” said Cecil, modestly, “to decline answering questions concerning the views of the royal general; but still you will pardon me if I say, that in my present situation, I could wish to be spared the pain of even confessing my ignorance.”

“I acknowledge my error,” the officer unhesitatingly answered. After a short pause, in which he seemed to muse, he continued — “this is no ordinary night, young lady, and it becomes my duty to refer you to the general commanding this wing of the army. He possibly may think it necessary to communicate your detention to the commander-in-chief.”

“It is he I seek, sir, and would most wish to meet.”

He bowed, and giving his orders to a subaltern in a low voice, walked away, and was



soon lost in the busy crowd that came and went in constant employment, around the summit of the hill. Cecil lingered a single moment after her new conductor had declared his readiness to proceed, to cast another glance at the calm splendour of the sea and bay; the distant and smoky roofs of the town; the dim objects that moved about the adjacent eminence, equally and similarly employed with those around her; and then, raising her calash; and tightening the folds of her mantle, she descended the hill with the light and elastic steps of youth.

---





## CHAPTER XXX.

*«The rebel vales, the rebel dales,  
With rebel trees surrounded,  
The distant woods, the hills and floods,  
With rebels' echoes sounded.»*

*The Battle of the Kegs.*

---

THE enormous white cockade that covered nearly one side of the little hat of her present conductor, was the only symbol that told Cecil she was now committed to the care of one who held the rank of captain among those who battled for the rights of the colonies. No other part of his attire was military, though a cut-and-thrust was buckled to his form, which, from its silver guard, and formidable dimensions, had probably been borne by some of his ancestors, in the former wars of the



colonies. The disposition of its present wearer was however, far from that belligerent nature that his weapon might be thought to indicate, for he tendered the nicest care and assiduity to the movements of his prisoner.

At the foot of the hill, a waggon, returning from the field, was put in requisition by this semi-military gallant; and after a little suitable preparation, Cecil found herself seated on a rude bench by his side, in the vehicle; while her own attendants, and the two private men, occupied its bottom, in still more social affinity. At first their progress was slow and difficult, returning carts, literally by hundreds, impeding the way; but when they had once passed the heavy-footed beasts who drew them, they proceeded in the direction of Roxbury, with greater rapidity. During the first mile, while they were extricating themselves from the apparently interminable line of carts, the officer directed his whole attention to this important and difficult manoeuvre; but when their uneasy vessel might be said to be fairly sailing before the wind, he did not choose to neglect those services, which, from time immemorial, beautiful women in distress have had a right to claim of men in his profession.

"Now do not spare the whip," he said to the driver, at the moment of their deliverance;



but push on, for the credit of horse-flesh, and to the disgrace of all horned cattle. This near beast of yours should be a tory, by his gait and his reluctance to pull in the traces for the common good — treat him as such, friend, in turn, you shall receive the treatment of a sound whig, when we make a halt. You have spent the winter in Boston, madam?"

Cecil bent her head, in silent assent.

"The royal army will, doubtless, make a better figure in the eyes of a lady, than the troops of the colonies; though there are some among us who are thought not wholly wanting in military knowledge, and the certain air of a soldier," he continued, extricating the silver-headed legacy of his grandfather from its concealment under a fold of his companion's mantle — "you have balls and entertainments without number, I fancy, ma'am, from the gentlemen in the king's service."

"I believe that few hearts are to be found amongst the females in Boston, so light as to mingle in their amusements!"

"God bless them for it!" exclaimed her escort; "I am sure every shot we throw into the town is like drawing blood from our own veins. I suppose the king's officers don't hold the colonists so cheap, since the small affair on Charles-town Neck, as they did formerly?"



“None who had any interest at stake, in the events of that fatal day, will easily forget the impression it has made!”

The young American was too much struck by the melancholy pathos in the voice of Cecil, not to fancy he had, in his own honest triumph, unwittingly probed a wound which time had not yet healed. They rode many minutes after this unsuccessful effort on his part, to converse, in profound silence, nor did he again speak until the trampling of horses' hoofs was borne along by the evening air, unaccompanied by the lumbering sounds of wheels. At the next turn of the road they met a small cavalcade of officers, riding at a rapid rate in the direction of the place they had so recently quitted. The leader of this party drew up when he saw the waggon, which was also stopped in deference to his obvious wish to speak with them.

There was something in the haughty, and yet easy air of the gentleman who addressed her companion, that induced Cecil to attend to his remarks with more than the interest that is usually excited by the common-place dialogues of the road. His dress was neither civil nor wholly military, though his bearing had much of a soldier's manner. As he drew up, three or four dogs fawned upon him, or passed with indulged impunity between the



legs of his high-blooded charger, apparently indifferent to the impatient repulses that were freely bestowed on their troublesome familiarities.

“His discipline, by — — ?” exclaimed this singular specimen of the colonial chieftains — “I dare presume, gentlemen, you are from the heights of Dorchester? and having walked the whole distance thither from camp, are disposed to try the virtues of a four-wheeled conveyance over the same ground, in a retreat!”

The young man rose in his place, and lifted his hat, with marked respect, as he answered —

“We are returning from the hills, sir, it is true; but we must see our enemy before we retreat!”

“A white cockade! As you hold such rank, sir, I presume you have authority for your movements! Down, Juno — down, slut.”

“This lady was landed an hour since, on the point, from the town, by a boat from a king’s ship, sir, and I am ordered to see her in safety to the general of the right wing.”

“A lady!” repeated the other, with singular emphasis, slowly passing his hand over his remarkably aquiline and prominent features, “if there be a lady in the case, ease must be indulged. Will you down, Juno!” Turning



his head a little aside, to his nearest aid, he added, in a voice that was suppressed only by the action; some trull of Howe's sent out as the newest specimen of loyal modesty! In such a case, sir, you are quite right to use horses — I only marvel that you did not take six instead of two. But how come we on in the trenches? — Down, you hussy, down! Thou shouldst go to court, Juno, and fawn upon his majesty's ministers, where thy sycophancy might purchase thee a riband! How come we on in the trenches?"

"We have broken ground, sir, and as the eyes of the royal troops are drawn upon the batteries, we shall make a work of it before the day shows them our occupation."

"Ah! we are certainly good at digging, if at no other part of our exercises! Miss Juno, thou puttest thy precious life in jeopardy! — you will; then take thy fate!" As he spoke, the impatient chief drew a pistol from his holster, and snapped it twice at the head of the dog, that still fawned upon him in unwitting fondness. Angry with himself, his weapon, and the animal, at the same moment, he turned to his attendants, and added, with bitter deliberation — "gentlemen, if one of you will exterminate that quadruped, I promise



him an honourable place in my first dispatches to congress, for the service!"

A groom in attendance whistled to the spaniel, and probably saved the life of the disgraced favourite.

The officer now addressed himself to the party he had detained, with a collected and dignified air, that showed he had recovered his self-possession, by saying —

"I beg pardon, sir, for this trouble — let me not prevent you from proceeding; there may be serious work on the heights before morning, and you will doubtless wish to be there." — He bowed with perfect ease and politeness, and the two parties were slowly passing each other, when, as if repenting of his condescension, he turned himself in his saddle, adding, with those sarcastic tones so peculiarly his own — "Captain, I beseech thee have an especial care of *the lady!*"

With these words in his mouth, he clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped onward, followed by all his train, at the same impetuous rate.

Cecil had heard each syllable that fell from the lips of both in this short dialogue, and she felt a chill of disappointment gathering about her heart, as it proceeded. When they had parted, drawing a long, tremulous breath,



she asked, in tones that betrayed all her feelings —

“And is this Washington?”

“*That!*” exclaimed her companion — “No, no, madam, he is a very different sort of man! That is the great English officer, whom congress has made a general in our army. He is thought to be as great in the field, as he is uncouth in the drawing-room — yes, I will acknowledge that much in his favour, though I never know how to understand him; he is so proud — so supercilious — and yet he is a great friend of liberty!”

Cecil permitting the officer to reconcile the seeming contradictions in the character of his superior, in his own way, feeling perfectly relieved when she understood it was not the man who could have any influence on her own destiny. The driver now appeared anxious to recover the lost time, and he urged his horses over the ground with increased rapidity. The remainder of their short drive to the vicinity of Roxbury, passed in silence. As the cannonading was still maintained with equal warmth by both parties, it was hazarding too much to place themselves in the line of the enemy's fire. The young man, therefore, after finding a secure spot among the uneven ground of the vicinity, where he might leave his charge



in safety, proceeded by himself to the point where he had reason to believe he should find the officer he was ordered to seek. During his short absence, Cecil remained in the wagon, an appalled listener, and a partial spectator of the neighbouring contest.

The Americans had burst their only mortar of size, the preceding night, but they applied their cannon with unwearied diligence, not only in the face of the British entrenchments, but on the low land, across the estuary of the Charles; and still farther to the north, in front of the position which their enemies held on the well-known heights of Charles-town. In retaliation for this attack, the batteries along the western side of the town were in a constant blaze of fire, while those of the eastern continued to slumber, in total unconsciousness of the coming danger.

When the officer returned, he reported that his search had been successful, and that he had been commanded to conduct his charge into the presence of the American commander-in-chief. This new arrangement imposed the necessity of driving a few miles farther, and as the youth began to regard his new duty with some impatience, he was in no humour for delay. The route was circuitous and safe; the roads good; and the driver diligent. In



consequence, within the hour, they passed the river, and Cecil found herself, after so long an absence, once more approaching the ancient provincial seat of learning.

The little village, though in the hands of friends, exhibited the infallible evidences of the presence of an irregular army. The buildings of the University were filled with troops, and the doors of the different inns were thronged with noisy soldiers, who were assembled for the inseparable purposes of revelry and folly. The officer drove to one of the most private of these haunts of the unthinking and idle, and declared his intentions to deposit his charge under its roof, until he could learn the pleasure of the American leader. Cecil heard his arrangements with little satisfaction, but yielding to the necessity of the case, when the vehicle had stopped, she alighted, without remonstrance. With her two attendants in her train, and preceded by the officer, she passed through the noisy crowd, not only without insult but without molestation. The different declaimers in the throng, and they were many, even lowered their clamorous voices as she approached, the men giving way, in deference for her sex, and she entered the building without hearing but one remark applied to herself, though a low and curious buzz of voices followed her foot-



steps to its very threshold. That solitary remark was a sudden exclamation, in admiration of the grace of her movements; and singular as it may seem, her companion thought it necessary to apologize for its rudeness, by whispering that it had proceeded from the lips of "one of the southern riflemen; a corps as distinguished for its skill and bravery as for its want of breeding!"

The inside of this inn presented a very different aspect from its exterior. The decent tradesman who kept it, had so far yielded to the emergency of the times, and perhaps, also, to a certain propensity towards gain, as temporarily to adopt the profession he followed; but by a sort of implied compact with the crowd without, while he administered to their appetite for liquor, he preserved most of the privacy of his domestic arrangements. He had however, been compelled to relinquish one apartment entirely to the service of the public, into which Cecil and her companions were shown, as a matter of course without the smallest apology for its condition.

There might have been a dozen people in the common room; some of whom were quietly seated before its large fire, among whom were one or two females; some walking, and others distributed on chairs, as accident or inclination



had placed them. A slight movement was made at the entrance of Cecil, but it soon subsided; though her rich mantle of fine cloth, and silken calash, did not fail to draw the eyes of the women upon her, with a ruder gaze than she had yet encountered from the other sex during the hazardous adventures of the night. She took an offered seat near the bright and cheerful blaze on the hearth, which imparted all the light the room contained, and disposed herself to wait in patience the return of her conductor, who immediately took his departure for the neighbouring quarters of the American chief.

“’Tis an awful time for women bodies to journey in!” said a middle-aged woman near her, who was busily engaged in knitting, though she also bore the marks of a traveller in her dress — “I’m sure if I had thought there’d ha’ been such contentions, I would never have crossed the Connecticut; though I have an only child in camp.”

“To a mother, the distress must be great, indeed,” said Cecil, “when she hears the report of a contest in which she knows her children are engaged.”

“Yes, Royal is engaged as a six-month’s man, and he is partly agreed to stay, till the king’s troops conclude to give up the town.”



“It seems to me,” said a grave-looking yeoman, who occupied the opposite corner of the fire-place, “your child has an unfitting name for one who fights against the crown!”

“Ah, he was so called before the king wore his Scottish Boot! and what has once been solemnly named, in holy baptism, is not to be changed with the shift of the times! They were twins, and I called one Prince and the other Royal; for they were born the day his present majesty came to man’s estate. That, you know, was before his heart had changed, and when the people of the Bay loved him little less than they did their own flesh and blood.”

“Why, Goody,” said the yeoman, smiling good-humouredly, and rising to offer her a pinch of his real Scotch, in token of amity, while he made so free with her domestic matters—“you had then an heir to the throne in your own family; the prince royal they say comes next to the king, and by your tell, one of them, at least, is a worthy fellow, who is not likely to sell his heritage for a mess of pottage! If I understand you, Royal is here in service.”

“He’s at this blessed moment in one of the battering-rams in front of Boston Neck,” returned the woman, “and the Lord he knows, ’tis an awful calling, to be beating down the



housen of people of the same religion and blood with ourselves; but so it must be; to prevail over the wicked designs of such as would live in pomp and idleness, by the sweat and labour of their fellow-creatures."

The honest yeoman, who was somewhat more familiar with the terms of modern warfare, than the woman, smiled at her mistake, while he pursued the conversation with a peculiar gravity, which rendered his humour doubly droll.

"'Tis to be hoped the boy will not weary at the weapon before the morning cometh. But why does Prince linger behind, in such a moment! Tarries he with his father on the homestead, in safety, being the younger born?"

"No, no," said the woman, shaking her head, in sorrow, "he dwells, I trust, with our common Father, in heaven! Neither are you right in calling him the home-child. He was my first-born, and a comely youth he grew to be! When the cry that the reg'lars were out at Lexington, to kill and destroy, passed through the country, he shouldered his musket, and came down with the people, to know the reason the land was stained with American blood. He was young, and full of ambition to be foremost among them who were willing to fight for their birth-rights; and the last I



ever heard of him was in the midst of the king's troops on Breeds. No, no; his body never came off the hill! The neighbours sent me up the clothes he left in camp, and 'tis one of his socks that I'm now footing for his twin brother."

The woman delivered this simple explanation with perfect calmness, though, as she advanced in the subject, large tears started from her eyes, and following each other down her cheeks, fell unheeded upon the humble garment of her dead son.

"This is the way our bravest striplings are cut off, fighting with the scum of Europe!" exclaimed the yeoman, with a warmth that showed how powerfully his feelings were touched — "I hope the boy who lives may find occasion to revenge his brother's death."

"God forbid! god forbid!" exclaimed the weeping mother — "revenge is an evil passion; and least of all would I wish a child of mine to go into the field of blood with so foul a breast. God has given us this land to dwell in, and to rear up temples and worshippers of his holy name, and in giving it he bestowed the right to defend it against all earthly oppression. If 'twas right for Prince to come, 'twas right for Royal to follow!"

"I believe I am reprov'd in justice," re-



turned the man, looking around at the spectators, with an eye that no longer teemed with a hidden meaning — “God bless you! my good woman; and deliver you, with your remaining boy, and all of us, from the scourge which has been inflicted on the country for our sins. I go west, into the mountains, with the sun, and if I can carry any word of comfort from you to the good man at home, it will not be a hill or two that shall hinder it.”

“The same thanks to you for the offer, as if you did it, friend; my man would be right glad to see you at his settlement, but I sicken already with the noises and awful sights of warfare, and shall not tarry long after my son comes forth from the battle. I shall go down to Cragie’s-house in the morning, and look upon the blessed man whom the people have chosen from among themselves as a leader, and hurry back again; for I plainly see that this is not an abiding-place for such as I!”

“You will then have to follow him into the line of danger, for I saw him, within the hour, riding with all his followers, towards the water-side; and I doubt not that this unusual waste of ammunition is intended for more than we of little wit can guess.”

“Of whom speak you?” Cecil involuntarily asked.



“Of whom should he speak but of Washington?” returned a deep low voice at her elbow; whose remarkable sounds instantly recalled the tones of the aged messenger of death, who had appeared at the bed-side of her grandmother. Cecil started from her chair, and recoiled several paces from the person of Ralph, who stood regarding her with a steady and searching look, heedless of the observation they attracted, as well as of the number and quality of the spectators.

“We are not strangers, young lady,” continued the old man; “and you will excuse me, if I add, that the face of an acquaintance must be grateful to one of your gentle sex, in a place so unsettled and disorderly as this.”

“An acquaintance!” repeated the unprotected bride.

“I said an acquaintance; we know each other, surely,” returned Ralph, with marked emphasis; “you will believe me when I add, that I have seen the two men in the guard-room, which is at hand.”

Cecil cast a furtive glance behind her, and, with some alarm, perceived that she was separated from Meriton and the stranger. Before time was allowed for recollection, the old man approached her with a courtly breeding that



was rendered more striking by the coarseness, as well as negligence of his attire.

“This is not a place for the niece of an English peer,” he said; “but I have long been at home in this warlike village, and will conduct you to another residence more suited to your sex and condition.”

For an instant Cecil hesitated, but observing the wondering faces about her, and the intense curiosity with which all in the room suspended their several pursuits, to listen to each syllable, she timidly accepted his offered hand, suffering him to lead her, not only from the room, but the house, in profound silence. The door through which they left the building, was opposite to that by which she had entered, and when they found themselves in the open air, it was in a different street, and a short distance removed from the crowd of revellers already mentioned.

“I have left two attendants behind me,” she said, “without whom ’tis impossible to proceed.”

“As they are watched by armed men, you have no choice but to share their confinement, or to submit to the temporary separation,” returned the other, calmly. “Should his keepers discover the character of him who led you hither, his fate would be certain!”



“His character!” repeated Cecil, again shrinking from the touch of the old man.

“Surely my words are plain! I said his character. Is he not the deadly, obstinate enemy of liberty? and think you these countrymen of ours so dull as to suffer one like him, to go at large in their very camp! — No, no,” he muttered, with a low, but exulting laugh; “like a fool has he tempted his fate, and like a dog shall he meet it! Let us proceed; the house is but a step from this, and you may summon him to your presence if you will.”

Cecil was rather impelled by her companion, than induced to proceed, when, as he had said, they soon stopped before the door of an humble and retired building. An armed man paced along its front, while the lengthened shadow of another sentinel in the rear was every half-minute thrown far into the street; in confirmation of the watchfulness that was kept over those who dwelt within.

“Proceed,” said Ralph, throwing open the outer-door, without hesitation. Cecil complied, but started at encountering another man, trailing a musket, as he paced to and fro in the narrow passage that received her. Between this sentinel and Ralph there seemed to exist a good understanding, for the latter addressed him with perfect freedom —



“Has no order been yet received from Washington?” he asked.

“None; and I rather conclude by the delay, that nothing very favourable is to be expected.”

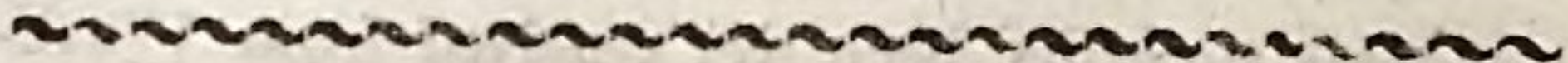
The old man muttered to himself, but passed on, and, throwing open another door, said —

“Enter.”

Again Cecil complied, the door closing on her at the instant; but before she had time to express either her wonder or her alarm, she was folded in the arms of her husband.

---





## CHAPTER XXXI.

*«Is she a Capulet?  
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.»  
Romeo and Juliet.*

---

»**А**h! Lincoln! Lincoln!" cried the weeping bride, gently extricating herself from the long embrace of Lionel, «at what a moment did you desert me!"

«And how have I been punished, love! a night of phrenzy, and a morrow of useless regrets! How early have I been made to feel the strength of those ties which unite us; unless, indeed, my own folly may have already severed them for ever!"

«Truant! I know you! and shall hereafter weave a web, with woman's art, to keep you in



my toils! If you love me, Lionel, as I would fain believe, let all the past be forgotten. I ask — I wish no explanation. You have been deceived, and that repentant eye assures me of your returning reason. Let us now speak only of yourself. Why do I find you thus guarded, more like a criminal than an officer of the crown?"

"They have, indeed, bestowed especial watchfulness on my safety!"

"How came you in their power; and why do they abuse their advantage?"

"'Tis easily explained. Presuming on the tempestuousness of the night — what a bridal was ours, Cecil!"

"'Twas terrible!" she answered, shuddering; then with a bright and instant smile, as if sedulous to chace every appearance of distrust or care from her countenance, she continued — "but I have no longer faith in omens, Lincoln! or, if one has been given, is not the awful fulfilment already come? I know not how you value the benedictions of a parting soul, Lionel, but to me there is holy consolation in knowing that my dying parent left her blessing on our sudden union!"

"Disregarding the hand, which, with gentle earnestness, she had laid upon his shoulder,



he walked gloomily away, into a distant corner of the apartment."

"Cecil, I do love you, as you would fain believe," he said, "and I listen readily to your wish to bury the past in oblivion. But I leave my tale unfinished! — You know the night was such that none would choose, uselessly, to brave its fury — I attempted to profit by the storm, and availing myself of a flag, which is regularly granted to the simpleton, Job Pray, I left the town. Impatient — do I say impatient! borne along rather by a tempest of passions that mocked the feebler elements, we ventured too much — Cecil, I was not alone!"

"I know it — I know it," she said, hurriedly, though speaking barely above her breath — "you ventured too much?"

"And encountered a picquet that would not mistake a royal officer for an impoverished though privileged idiot. In our anxiety we overlooked — believe me, dearest Cecil, that if you knew all — the scene I had witnessed — the motives which urged — they, at least, would justify this strange and seeming desertion."

"Did I doubt it, would I forget my condition, my recent loss, and my sex, to follow in the footsteps of one unworthy of my solicitude?" returned the bride, colouring as much with innate modesty, as with the power of her emotions.



“Think not I come, with girlish weakness, to reproach you with any fancied wrongs! I am your wife, Major Lincoln; and as such would I serve you, at a moment when I know all the tenderness of the tie will most be needed. At the altar and in the presence of my God, have I acknowledged the sacred duty; and shall I hesitate to discharge it because the eyes of man are on me!”

“I shall go mad! — I shall go mad!” cried Lionel, in ungovernable mental anguish, as he paced the floor, in violent disorder, — “There are moments when I think that the curse, which destroyed the father, has already lighted on the son!”

“Lionel!” said the soft soothing voice of his companion, at his elbow, “is this to render me more happy! — the welcome you bestow on the confiding girl who has committed her happiness to your keeping! I see you relent, and will be more just to us both; more dutiful to your God. Now let us speak of your confinement. Surely, you are not suspected of any criminal designs in this rash visit to the camp of the Americans! ’Twere easy to convince their leaders that you are innocent of so base a purpose!”

“’Tis difficult to evade the vigilance of those who struggle for liberty!” returned the low calm voice of Ralph, who stood before them, un-



expectedly. "Major Lincoln has too long listened to the counsels of tyrants and slaves, and forgotten the land of his birth. If he would be safe, let him retract the error, while yet he may, with honour."

"Honour!" repeated Lionel, with unconcealed disdain — again pacing the room with swift and uneasy steps, without deigning any other notice of the unwelcome intruder. Cecil bowed her head, and, sinking in a chair, concealed her face in her small muff, as if to exclude some horrid and fearful sight from her view.

The momentary silence was broken by the sound of footsteps and of voices in the passage, and at the next instant the door of the room opening, Meriton was seen on its threshold. His appearance roused Cecil, who, springing on her feet, beckoned him away, with a sort of phrenzied earnestness, exclaiming —

"Not here! not here! — for the love of Heaven not here!"

The valet hesitated, but, catching a glimpse of his master, his attachment got the ascendancy of his respect —

"God be praised for this blessed sight! Master Lionel," he cried — "'tis the happiest hour I have seen since I lost the look at the shores of old England! If 'twas only at Ravenscliffe, or in Soho, I should be the most contented fool in



the three kingdoms! Ah, Master Lionel, let us get out of this province, into a country where there is no rebels; or any thing worse than king, lords and commons!"

"Enough now; for this time, worthy Meriton, enough!" interrupted Cecil, breathing with difficulty, in her eagerness to be heard. — "Go — return to the inn — the colleges — any where — do but go!"

"Don't send a loyal subject, ma'am, again among the rebels, I desire to entreat of you. Such awful blasphemies, sir, as I heard while I was there! They spoke of his sacred majesty just as freely, sir, as if he had been a gentleman like yourself. Joyful was the news of my release!"

"And had it been a guard-room on the opposite shore," said Ralph, "the liberties they used with your earthly monarch, would have been as freely taken with the King of kings!"

"You shall remain, then," said Cecil, probably mistaking the look of high disdain which Meriton bestowed on his aged fellow-voyager, for one of a very different meaning — "but not here. You have other apartments, Major Lincoln; let my attendants be received there — you surely would not admit the menials to our interview!"

"Why this sudden terror, love! Here, if not happy, you at least are safe. Go, Meriton,



into the adjoining room; if wanted, there is admission through this door of communication."

The valet murmured some half-uttered sentences, of which only the emphatic word "genteel" was audible, while the direction of his discontented eye, sufficiently betrayed that Ralph was the subject of his meditations. The old man followed his footsteps, and the door of the passage soon closed on both; leaving Cecil standing, like a beautiful statue, in an attitude of absorbed thought. When the noise of her attendants, as they quietly entered the adjoining room, was heard, she breathed again, with a tremulous sigh, that seemed to raise a weight of apprehension from her heart.

"Fear not for me, Cecil, and least of all for yourself," said Lionel, drawing her to his bosom with fond solicitude — "my headlong rashness, or, rather, that fatal bane to the happiness of my house, the distempered feeling which you must have often seen and deplored, has indeed led me into a seeming danger. But I have a reason for my conduct, which avowed, shall lull the suspicions of even our enemies to sleep!"

"I have no suspicions — no knowledge of any imperfections — no regrets, Lionel; nothing but the most ardent wishes for your peace of mind; and — if I might explain; — yes, now is a time — Lionel, kind, but truant Lionel."



Her words were interrupted by Ralph, who appeared again in the room, with that noiseless step, which, in conjunction with his great age and attenuated frame, sometimes gave to his movements and aspect the character of a being superior to the attributes of humanity. On his arm he bore an over-coat and a hat, both of which Cecil recognized, at a glance, as the property of the unknown man who had attended her person throughout all the vicissitudes of that eventful night.

“See!” said Ralph, exhibiting his spoils with a ghastly, but meaning smile, “see in how many forms Liberty appears to aid her votaries! Here is the guise in which she will now be courted! Wear them, young man, and be free!”

“Believe him not — listen not,” whispered Cecil, while she shrunk from his approach in undisguised terror — “nay, do listen, but act with caution!”

“Dost thou delay to receive the blessed boon of freedom, when offered?” demanded Ralph? “wouldst thou remain, and brave the angry justice of the American chief, and make thy wife of a day a widow for an age!”

“In what manner am I to profit by this dress?” said Lionel — “to submit to the de-



gradation of a disguise, success should be certain."

"Turn thy haughty eyes, young man, on the picture of innocence and terror, at thy side. For the sake of her whose fate is wrapped in thine, if not for your own, consult thy safety, and fly — another minute may be too late."

"Oh! hesitate not a moment longer, Lincoln," cried Cecil, with a change of purpose as sudden as the impulse was powerful — "fly, leave me; my sex and station will be — —"

"Never," said Lionel, casting the garment from him, in cool disdain. — "Once, when death was busy, did I abandon thee; but, ere I do it again, his blow must fall on me!"

"I will follow — I will rejoin you."

"You shall not part," said Ralph, once more raising the rejected coat, and lending his aid to envelope the form of Lionel, who stood passive under the united efforts of his bride and her aged assistant — "Remain here," the latter added, when their brief task was ended, "and await the summons to freedom. And thou, sweet flower of innocence and love, follow, and share in the honour of liberating him who has enslaved thee!"

Cecil blushed with virgin shame, at the strength of his expressions, but bowed her head in silent



acquiescence to his will. Proceeding to the door, he beckoned her to approach, indicating, by an expressive gesture to Lionel, that he was to remain stationary. When Cecil had complied, and they were in a narrow passage of the building, Ralph, instead of betraying any apprehension of the sentinel who paced its length, fearlessly approached, and addressed him with the confidence of a known friend —

“See!” he said, removing the calash from before the pale features of his companion, “how terror for the fate of her husband has caused the good child to weep! She quits him now, friend, with one of her attendants, while the other tarries to administer to his master’s wants. Look at her; is’t not a sweet, though mourning partner, to smooth the path of a soldier’s life!”

The man seemed awkwardly sensible of the unusual charms that Ralph so unceremoniously exhibited to his view, and while he stood in admiring embarrassment, ashamed to gaze, and yet unwilling to retire, Cecil traced the light footsteps of the old man, entering the room occupied by Meriton and the stranger. She was still in the act of veiling her features from the eyes of the sentinel, when Ralph re-appeared, attended by a figure muffled in the well-known over-coat. Notwithstanding the flapped hat, and



studied concealment of his gait, the keen eyes of the wife penetrated the disguise of her husband, and recollecting, at the same instant, the door of communication between the two apartments, the whole artifice was at once revealed. With trembling eagerness she glided past the sentinel, and pressed to the side of Lionel, with a dependence that might have betrayed the deception to one more accustomed to the forms of life than was the honest contryman, who had so recently thrown aside the flail to carry a musket.

Ralph allowed the sentinel no time to deliberate, but, waving his hand in token of adieu, he led the way into the street, with his accustomed activity. Here they found themselves in the presence of the other soldier, who moved to and fro; along the allotted ground in front of the building, rendering the watchfulness by which they were environed doubly embarrassing. Following the example of their aged conductor, Lionel and his trembling companion walked with apparent indifference towards this man, who, as it proved, was better deserving of his trust than his fellow within doors. Dropping his musket across their path, in a manner which announced an intention to inquire into their movements before he suffered them to proceed, he roughly demanded —

“How’s this, old gentleman! you come out of the prisoner’s rooms by squads! one two, three;



our English gallant might be among you, and there would still be two left! Come, come, old father, render some account of yourself, and of your command. For, to be plain, with you, there are those who think you are no better than a spy of Howe's, notwithstanding you are left to run up and down the camp, as you please. In plain Yankee dialect, and that's intelligible English, you have been caught in bad company of late, and there has been hard talk about shutting you up as well as your comrade!"

"Hear ye that?" said Ralph, calmly smiling, and addressing himself to his companions, instead of the man whose interrogatories he was expected to answer — "think you the hirelings of the crown are thus alert? Would not the slaves be sleeping the moment the eyes of their tyrants are turned on their own lawless pleasures? Thus it is with liberty! The sacred spirit hallows its meanest votaries, and elevates the private to all the virtues of the proudest captain!"

"Come, come," returned the flattered sentinel, throwing his musket back to his shoulder again, "I believe a man gains nothing by battling you with words! I should have spent a year or two inside yonder colleges to dive at all your meaning. Though I can guess you are more than half right in one thing; for if a poor fellow who loves his



country, and the good cause, finds it so hard to keep his eyes open on post, what must it be to a half-starved devil on six-pence a day? Go along, go along, old father; there is one less of you than went in, and if there was any thing wrong, the man in the house should know it!"

As he concluded, the sentinel continued his walk, humming a verse of Yankee-doodle, in excellent favour with himself and all mankind, with the sweeping exception of his country's enemies. To say that this was not the first instance of well-meaning integrity being cajoled by the jargon of liberty, might be an assertion too hazardous; but that it has not been the last, we conscientiously believe, though no immediate example may present itself to quote in support of such heretical credulity.

Ralph appeared, however, perfectly innocent of intending to utter more than the spirit of the times justified; for, when left to his own pleasure, he pursued his way, muttering rapidly to himself, and with an earnestness that attested his sincerity. When they had turned a corner, at a little distance from any pressing danger, he relaxed in his movements, and suffering his eager companions to approach, he stole to the side of Lionel, and clenching his hand fiercely, he whispered, in a voice half choked by inward exultation —



“I have him now! he is no longer dangerous! Ay — ay — I have him closely watched by the vigilance of three incorruptible patriots!”

“Of whom speak you,” demanded Lionel — “what is his offence, and where is your captive?”

“A dog! a man in form, but a tiger in heart! Ay! but I have him!” the old man continued, with a hollow laugh, that seemed to heave up from his inmost soul — “a dog; a veritable dog! I have him, and God grant that he may drink of the cup of slavery to its dregs!”

“Old man,” said Lionel, firmly, “that I have followed you thus far on no unworthy errand, you best may testify — I have forgotten the oath which, at the altar, I had sworn to, to cherish this sweet and spotless being at my side, at your instigation, aided by the maddening circumstances of a moment; but the delusion has already passed away! Here we part for ever, unless your solemn and often-repeated promises are, on the instant, redeemed.”

The high exultation which had, so lately, rendered the emaciated countenance of Ralph hideously ghastly, disappeared like a passing shadow, and he listened to the words of Lionel with calm and settled attention. But when he would have answered, he was interrupted by Cecil, who uttered, in a voice nearly suppressed by her fears —



“Oh! delay not a moment! Let us proceed; anywhere or anyhow! even now the pursuers may be on our track. I am strong, dearest Lionel, and will follow to the ends of the earth, so you but lead!”

“Lionel Lincoln, I have not deceived thee!” said the old man, solemnly. “Providence has already led us on our way, and a few minutes will bring us to our goal — suffer, then, that gentle trembler to return into the village, and follow!”

“Not an inch!” returned Lionel, pressing Cecil still closer to his side — “here we part, or your promises are fulfilled.”

“Nay, go with him — go,” again whispered the being who clung to him in trembling dependence. “This very controversy may prove your ruin — did I not say I would accompany you, Lincoln?”

“Lead on, then,” said her husband, motioning Ralph to proceed — “once again will I confide in you; but use the trust with discretion, for my guardian spirit is at hand, and remember, thou no longer ledest a lunatic!”

The moon fell upon the wan features of the old man, and exhibited their contented smile, as he silently turned away, and resumed his progress with his wonted rapid and noiseless tread. Their route still lay towards the skirts



of the village. While the buildings of the university were yet in the near view, and the loud laugh of the idlers about the inn, with the frequent challenges of the sentinels, were still distinctly audible, their conductor bent his way beneath the walls of a church, that rose in solemn solitude in the deceptive light of the evening. Pointing upward at its somewhat unusual, because regular architecture, Ralph muttered as he passed —

«Here, at least, God possesses his own without insult!»

Lionel and Cecil slightly glanced their eyes at the silent walls, and followed into a small enclosure, through a gap in its humble and dilapidated fence. Here the former again paused, and spoke —

«I will go no farther, he said, unconsciously strengthening the declaration by placing his foot firmly on a mound of frozen earth, in an attitude of resistance — «'tis time to cease thinking of self, and to listen to the weakness of her whom I support!»

Think not of me, dearest Lincoln!

Cecil was interrupted by the voice of the old man, who raising his hat, and baring his gray locks to the mild rays of the planet, answered, with tremulous emotion —



“Thy task is already ended ! Thou hast reached the spot where moulder the bones of one who long supported thee. Unthinking boy, that sacrilegious foot treads on thy mother’s grave!”

---



## CHAPTER XXXII.

*“Oh, age has weary days,  
And nights o’ sleepless pain!  
Thou golden time o’ youthful prime,  
Why com’st thou not again.”*

*Burns.*

---

THE stillness, that succeeded this unexpected annunciation, was like the cold silence of those who slumbered on every side of them. Lionel recoiled a pace, in horror, then imitating the action of the old man, he uncovered his head, in pious reverence of the parent, whose form floated dimly in his imagination, like the earliest recollections of infancy, or the imperfect fancies of some dream. When time was given for these sudden emotions to subside, he turned to Ralph, and said —

“And was it here that you would bring me, to listen to the sorrows of my family?”



An expression of piteous anguish crossed the features of the other, as he answered, in a voice which was subdued to softness —

“Even here — here, in the presence of thy mother’s grave, shalt thou hear the tale!”

“Then let it be here,” said Lionel, whose eye was already kindling with a wild and disordered meaning, that curdled the blood of the anxious Cecil, who watched its expression with a woman’s solicitude. — “Here, on this hallowed spot, will I listen, and swear the vengeance that is due, if all thy previous intimations should be just.”

“No, no, no — listen not — tarry not!” said Cecil, clinging to his side in undisguised alarm — “Lincoln, you are not equal to the scene!”

“I am equal to any thing, in such a cause.”

“Nay, Lionel, you overrate your powers! — Think only of your safety, now; at another, and happier moment you shall know all — yes — I — Cecil — thy bride, thy wife, promise that all shall be revealed.”

“Thou!”

“It is the descendant of the widow of John Lechmere who speaks, and thy ears will not refuse the sounds,” said Ralph, with a smile that acted like a taunt on the awakened impulses of the young man — “Go — thou art fitter for a bridal than a churchyard!”



“I have told you that I am equal to any thing,” sternly answered Lionel; “here will I sit, on this humble tablet, to hear all that you can utter, though the rebel legions encircle me to my death!”

“What! dar’st brave the averted eye of one so dear to thy heart?”

“All, or any thing,” exclaimed the excited youth, “with so pious an object.”

“Bravely answered! and thy reward is nigh — nay, look not on the syren or thou wilt relent.”

“My wife!” said Lionel, extending his hand, kindly, towards the shrinking form of Cecil.

“Thy mother!” interrupted Ralph, pointing with his emaciated hand to the cold residence of the dead.

Lionel sunk on the dilapidated grave-stone to which he had just alluded, and gathering his coat about him, he rested an arm upon his knee, while its hand supported his quivering chin, as if he were desperately bent on his gloomy purpose. The old man smiled with his usual ghastly expression, as he witnessed this proof of his success, and he took a similar seat on the opposite side of the grave, which seemed the focus of their common interest. Here he dropped his face between his hands, and appeared to muse like one who was collecting his thoughts for the coming emergency. During this



short and impressive pause, Lionel felt the trembling form of Cecil drawing to his side, and before his aged companion spoke, her unveiled and pallid countenance was once more watching the changes of his own features, in submissive, but anxious attention.

“Thou knowest already, Lionel Lincoln,” commenced Ralph, slowly raising his body to an upright attitude, “how, in past ages, thy family sought these colonies, to find religious quiet, and the peace of the just. And thou also knowest, for often did we beguile the long watches of the night in discoursing of these things, while the never-tiring ocean was rolling its waters, unheeded around, how death came into its elder branch, which still dwelt amid the luxury and corruption of the English court, and left thy father the heir of all its riches and honours.”

“How much of this is unknown to the meanest gossip in the province of Massachusetts-Bay?” interrupted the impatient Lionel.

“But they do not know that for years, before this accumulation of fortune actually occurred, it was deemed to be inevitable by the decrees of Providence; they do not know how much more value the orphan son of the unprovided soldier found, in the eyes of those even of his own blood, by the expectation; nor do they know



how the worldly-minded Priscilla Lechmere, thy father's aunt, would have compassed heaven and earth, to have seen that wealth, and those honours, to which it was her greatest boast to claim alliance, descend in the line of her own body."

"But 'twas impossible! she was of the female branch; neither had she a son!"

"Nothing seems impossible to those on whose peace of mind the worm of ambition feeds — thou knowest well she left a grand-child; had not that child a mother!"

Lionel felt a painful conviction of the connection, as the trembling object of these remarks sunk her head in shame and sorrow on his bosom, keenly alive to the justice of the character drawn of her deceased relative, by the mysterious being who had just spoken.

"God forbid that I, a Christian and a gentleman," continued the old man, a little proudly, "should utter a syllable to taint the spotless name of one so free from blemish as she of whom I speak! The sweet child who clings to thee, in dread, Lionel, was not more pure and innocent than she who bore her. And long before ambition had wove its toils for the miserable Priscilla, the heart of her daughter was the property of the gallant and honourable Englishman, to whom in later years she was wedded."



As Cecil heard this soothing commendation of her more immediate parents, she again raised her face into the light of the moon, and remained, where she was already kneeling, at the side of Lionel, no longer an uneasy, but a deeply interested listener to what followed.

“As the wishes of my unhappy aunt were not realized,” said Major Lincoln, “in what manner could they affect the fortunes of my father?”

“Thou shalt hear. In the same dwelling lived another even fairer, and to the eye, as pure as the daughter of Priscilla. She was the relative, the god-child, and the ward of that miserable woman. The beauty and seeming virtues of this apparent angel in human form, caught the young eye of thy father, and, in defiance of arts and schemes, before the long-expected title and fortune came, they were wedded, and thou wert born, Lionel, to render the boon of fate doubly welcome.”

“And then thy father hastened to the land of his ancestors, to claim his own, and to prepare the way for the reception of yourself, and his beloved Priscilla — for then there were two Priscillas; and now both sleep with the dead! All having life and nature, can claim the quiet of the grave but I,” continued the old man, glancing his hollow eye upward, with a look of hopeless misery — “I who have seen ages pass since



the blood of youth has been chilled, and generation swept away, must still linger in the haunts of men; but 'tis to aid in the great work which commences here, but which shall not end until a continent be regenerate!"

Lionel suffered a minute to pass without a question, in deference to this burst of feeling; but soon making an impatient movement, it drew the eyes of Ralph once more upon him, and the old man continued —

"Month after month, for two long and tedious years, did thy father linger in England, struggling for his own. At length he prevailed. He then hastened hither; but there was no wife — no fond and loving Priscilla, like that tender flower that reposes in thy bosom, to welcome his return."

"I know it," said Lionel, nearly choked by his pious recollections — "she was dead."

"She was more," returned Ralph, in a voice so deep, that it sounded like one speaking from the grave — "she was dishonoured?"

"'Tis false!"

"'Tis true; true as that holy gospel which comes to men through the inspired ministers of God!"

"'Tis false," repeated Lionel, fiercely — "blacker than the darkest thoughts of the foul spirit of evil!"

"I say, rash boy, 'tis true! She died in giving



birth to the fruits of her infamy. When Priscilla Lechmere met thy heart-stricken parent with the damning tale, he read in her exulting eye the treason of her mind, and, like thee, he dared to call Heaven to witness that thy mother was defamed. But there was one known to him, under circumstances that forbade the thoughts of deceit, who swore — ay, took the blessed name of Him who reads all hearts, for warranty of her truth! — and she confirmed it.”

“The infamous seducer!” said Lionel, hoarsely, his body turning unconsciously away from Cecil — “does he yet live? Give him to my vengeance, old man, and I will yet bless you for your accursed history!”

“Lionel, Lionel,” said the soothing voice of his bride, “do you credit him?”

“Credit him!” said Ralph, with a horrid, inward laugh, as if he would deride the idea of incredulity; “all this must he believe, and more! Once again, weak girl, did thy grandmother throw out her lures for the wealthy baronet, and when he would not become her son, then did she league with the spirits of hell to compass his ruin. Revenge took place of ambition, and thy husband’s father was the victim!”

“Say on!” cried Lionel, nearly ceasing to breathe, in the intensity of his interest.

“The blow had cut him to the heart, and, for



a time, his reason was crushed beneath its weight. Yet 'twas but for an hour, compared to the eternity a man is doomed to live! They profited by the temporary derangement, and when his wandering faculties were lulled to quiet, he found himself the tenant of a mad-house, where, for twenty long years, was he herded with the defaced images of his Maker by the arts of the base widow of John Lechmere!"

"Can this be true! Can this be true!" cried Lionel, clasping his hands wildly, and springing on his feet, with a violence that cast the tender form that still clung to him, aside, like a worthless toy — "Can this be proved? How knowest thou these facts?"

The calm, but melancholy smile that was wont to light the wan features of the old man, when he alluded to his own existence, was once more visible, as he answered —

"There is but little hid from the knowledge acquired by length of days; besides, have I not secret means of intelligence that are unknown to thee! Remember what, in our frequent interviews, I have revealed! recall the death-bed scene of Priscilla Lechmere, and ask thyself if there be not truth in thy aged friend!"

"Give me all! hold not back a tittle of thy accursed tale — give me all — or take back each syllable thou hast uttered."



“Thou shalt have all thou askest, Lionel Lincoln, and more,” returned Ralph, throwing into his manner and voice its utmost powers of solemnity and persuasion — “provided thou wilt swear eternal hatred to that country and those laws, by which an innocent and unoffending man can be levelled with the beasts of the field, and be made to rave even at his Maker, in the bitterness of his sufferings.”

“More than that — ten thousand times more than that will I swear — I will league with this rebellion!”

“Lionel, Lionel — what is’t you do!” interrupted the heart-stricken Cecil.

But her voice was stilled by loud and busy cries, which broke out of the village, above the hum of revelry, and was instantly succeeded by the trampling of footsteps, as men rushed over the frozen ground, apparently by hundreds, and with headlong rapidity. Ralph, who was not less quick to hear these sounds than the timid bride, glided from the grave, and approached the highway, whither he was slowly followed by his companions; Lionel, utterly indifferent whether he proceeded, and Cecil trembling in every limb, with terror for the safety of him who so little regarded his own danger.

“They are abroad, and think to find an enemy,” said the old man, raising his hand with a



gesture to command attention; "but he has sworn to join their standards, and gladly will they receive any of his name and family?"

"No, no — he has pledged himself to no dishonour," cried Cecil — "Fly, Lincoln, while you are free, and leave me to meet the pursuers — they will respect my weakness."

Fortunately the allusion to herself awakened Lionel from the dull forgetfulness into which his faculties had fallen. Encircling her slight figure with his arm, he turned swiftly from the spot, saying, as he urged her forward —

"Old man, when this precious charge is in safety, thy truth or falsehood shall be proved."

But Ralph, whose unincumbered person and iron frame, which seemed to mock the ravages of time, gave a vast superiority over the impeded progress of the other, moved swiftly a-head, waving his hand on high, as if to indicate his intention to join in the flight, while he led the way into the fields adjacent to the churchyard they had quitted.

The noise of the pursuers soon became more distinct, and, in the intervals of the distant cannonade, the cries and directions of those who conducted the chase were distinctly audible. Notwithstanding the vigorous arm of her supporter, Cecil was soon sensible that her delicate frame was unequal to continue the exertions



necessary to insure their safety. They had entered another road, which lay at no great distance from the first, when she paused, and reluctantly declared her inability to proceed.

“Then, here will we await our captors,” said Lionel, with forced composure — “let the rebels beware how they abuse their slight advantage!”

The words were scarcely uttered, when a cart, drawn by a double team, turned an angle in the highway, near them, and its driver appeared within a few feet of the spot where they stood. He was a man far advanced in years, but still wielded his long goad with a dexterity which had been imparted by the practice of more than half a century. The sight of this man, alone and removed from immediate aid, suggested a desperate thought for self-preservation to Lionel. Quitting the side of his exhausted companion, he advanced upon him with an air so fierce that it might have created alarm in one who had the smallest reason to apprehend any danger.

“Whither go you with that cart?” sternly demanded the young man, on the instant.

“To the point,” was the ready answer; “yes, yes — old and young — big and little — men and cre’tures — four wheels and two wheels — everything goes to the point to-night, as you can guess, fri’nd! Why,” he continued, dropping one end of his goad on the ground, and supporting himself



by grasping it with both his hands — “I was eighty-three the fourteenth of the last March, and I hope, God willing, that when the next birthday comes, there wont be a red-coat left in the town of Boston. To my notion, friend, they have held the place long enough, and it’s time to quit. My boys are in the camp, soldiering a turn — the old woman has been as busy as a bee, sin’ sun down, helping me load up what you see, and I am carrying it over to Dorchester, and not a farthing shall it ever cost the Congress!”

“And you are going to Dorchester-neck with your bundles of hay!” said Lionel, eyeing both him and his passing team, in hesitation whether to attempt violence on one so infirm and helpless.

“Anan! you must speak up, soldier-fashion, as you did at first, for I am a little deaf!” returned the carter. “Yes, yes, they spared me in the press, for they said I had done enough; but I say a man has never done enough for his own country, when any thing is left to be done. I’m told they are carrying over fashines, as they call ’em, and pressed-hay, for their forts. — As hay is more in my fashion than any other fashion, I’ve bundled up a stout pile on’t here, and if that wont do, why, let Washington come; he is welcome to the barn, stacks and all!”

“While you are so liberal to the Congress, can you help a female in distress, who would wish to



go in the direction of your route, but is too feeble to walk?"

"With all my heart," said the other, turning round in quest of her whom he was desired to assist — "I hope she is handy; for the night wears on, and I shouldn't like to have the English send a bullet at our people on Dorchester hills, before any hay gets there to help stop it."

"She shall not detain you an instant," said Lionel, springing to the place where Cecil stood, partly concealed by the fence, and supporting her to the side of the rude vehicle — you shall be amply rewarded for this service."

"Reward! Perhaps she is the wife or daughter of a soldier, in which case she should be drawn in her coach and four, instead of a cart and double team."

"Yes, yes — you are right, she is both — the wife of one and the daughter of another soldier."

"Ay! God bless her! I warrant me old Put was more than half-right, when he said the women would stop the two ridgements, that the proud parliamenter boasted could march through the colonies, from Hampshire to Georgi' — well fri'ends, are ye situated?"

"Perfectly," said Lionel, who had been preparing seats for himself and Cecil among the bundles of hay, and assisting his companion into her place during the dialogue — "we will detain you no longer."



The carter, who was no less than the owner of a hundred acres of good land in the vicinity, signified his readiness, and sweeping through the air with his goad, he brought his cattle to the proper direction, and slowly moved on. During this hurried scene, Ralph had continued hid by the shadows of the fence. When the cart proceeded, he waved his hand, and, gliding across the road, was soon lost to the eye in the misty distance, with which his gray apparel blended, like a spectre vanishing in air.

In the mean time the pursuers had not been idle. Voices were heard in different directions, and dim forms were to be seen rushing through the fields, by the aid of the deceptive light of the moon. To add to the embarrassment of their situation, Lionel found, when too late, that the route to Dorchester lay directly through the village of Cambridge. When he perceived they were approaching the streets, he would have left the cart, had not the experiment been too dangerous, in the midst of the disturbed soldiers, who now flew by on every side of them. In such a strait, his safest course was to continue motionless and silent, secreting his own form, and that of Cecil, as much as possible, among the bundles of hay. Contrary to all the just expectations which the impatient patriotism of the old yeoman had excited, instead of driving steadily through the



place, he turned his cattle a little from the direct route, and stopped in front of the very inn, where Cecil had, so lately, been conducted by her guide from the point.

Here the same noisy and thoughtless revelry existed as before. The arrival of such an equipage, at once drew a crowd to the spot, and the uneasy pair on the top of the load became unwilling listeners to the conversation.

“What, old one, hard at it for Congress!” cried a man, approaching with a mug in his hand; “come wet your throat, my venerable father of Liberty, for you are too old to be a son!”

“Yes, yes,” answered the exulting farmer, “I am father and son, too; I have four boys in camp, and seven grand’uns, in the bargain; and that would be eleven good triggers in one family, if five good muskets had so many locks — but the youngest men have got a duckin-gun, and a double-barrel atween them, howsomever; and Aaron, the boy, carries as good a horse-pistol, I calculate, as any there is going in the Bay! But what an uneasy time you have on’t to-night! There’s more powder wasted in mocking thunder, than would fight old Bunker over again, at ‘white o’ the eye’ distance!”

“’Tis the way of war, old man; and we want to keep the reg’lars from looking at Dorchester.”



“If they did, they couldn’t see far to-night. But, now do tell me; I am an old man, and have a grain of cur’osity in the flesh; my woman says that Howe casts out his carcasses at you; which I hold to be an irreligious deception?”

“As true as the gospel.”

“Well there is no calculating on the wastefulness of an ungodly spirit!” said the worthy yeoman, shaking his head — “I could believe any wickedness of him but that! as cre’turs must be getting scarce in the town, I conclude he makes use of his own slain?”

“Certain,” answered the soldier, winking at his companions — “Breeds’ hill has kept him in ammunition all winter.”

“’Tis awful, awful! to see a fellow-cre’tur flying through the air, after the spirit has departed to judgment! War is a dreadful calling; but then what is a man without liberty!”

“Hark ye, old gentleman, talking of flying, have you seen any thing of two men and a woman, flying up the road as you came in?”

“Anan!” I’m a little hard o’ hearing — women, too! do they shoot their Jezebels into our camp! There is no wickedness the king’s ministers won’t attempt, to circumvent our weak natures!”

“Did you see two men and a woman, running away as you came down the road?” bawled the fellow in his ear.



“Two! did you say two?” asked the yeoman, turning his head a little on one side, in an attitude of sagacious musing.

“Yes, two men.”

“No, I didn’t see two. Running out of town, did you say?”

“Ay, running, as if the devil was after them.”

“No; I didn’t see two; nor any body running away — it’s a sartain sign of guilt to run away — is there any reward offered?” said the old man, suddenly interrupting himself, and again communing with his own thoughts.

“Not yet — they’ve just escaped.”

“The surest way to catch a thief is to offer a smart reward — no — I didn’t see two men — you are sartain there was two?”

“Push on with that cart! drive on, drive on,” cried a mounted officer of the quarter-master’s department, who came scouring through the street, at that moment, awakening all the slumbering ideas of haste, which the old farmer had suffered to lie dormant so long. Once more flourishing his goad, he put his team in motion, wishing the revellers good-night as he proceeded. It was, however, long after he had left the village, and crossed the Charles, before he ceased to make frequent and sudden halts in the highway, as if doubtful whether to continue his route, or to return. At length he stopped the cart, and



clambering up on the hay, he took a seat, where with one eye he could regulate his cattle, and with the other examine his companions. This investigation continued another hour, neither party uttering a syllable, when the teamster appeared satisfied that his suspicions were unjust, and abandoned them. Perhaps the difficulties of the road assisted in dissipating his doubts, for as they proceeded, return carts were met at every few rods, rendering his undivided attention to his own team indispensable.

Lionel, whose gloomy thoughts had been chased from his mind by the constant excitement of the foregoing scenes, now felt relieved from any immediate apprehensions. He whispered his soothing hopes of a final escape to Cecil, and folding her in his coat, to shield her from the night air, he was pleased to find, ere long, by her gentle breathing, that, overcome by fatigue, she was slumbering in forgetfulness on his bosom.

Midnight had long passed when they came in sight of the eminences beyond Dorchesterneck. Cecil had awoke, and Lionel was already devising some plausible excuse for quitting the cart, without reviving the suspicions of the teamster. At length a favourable spot occurred, where they were alone, and the formation of the ground was adapted to such a purpose. Lionel was on the point of speaking, when the cattle stopped,



and Ralph suddenly appeared in the highway at their heads.

“Make room, friend, for the oxen,” said the farmer — “dumb beasts wont pass in the face of man.”

“Alight,” said Ralph, seconding his words with a wide sweep of his arm towards the fields.

Lionel quickly obeyed, and, by the time the driver had descended also, the whole party stood together in the road.

“You have conferred a greater obligation than you are aware of,” said Lionel to the driver. “Here are five guineas.”

“For what? for riding on a load of hay a few miles! — no, no — kindness is no such boughten article in the Bay, that a man need pay for it! but, friend, money seems plenty with you, for these difficult days!”

“Then thanks a thousand times — I can stay to offer you no more.”

He was yet speaking, when, obedient to an impatient gesture from Ralph, he lifted Cecil over the fence, and in a moment they disappeared from the eyes of the astonished farmer.

“Halloo, friend,” cried the worthy advocate for his country, running after them as fast as old age would allow — “were there three of you, when I took ye up?”

The fugitives heard the call of the simple and



garrulous old man, but, as will easily be imagined, did not deem it prudent to stop and discuss the point in question between them. Before they had gone far, the furious cry of, "take care of that team!" with the rattling of wheels, announced that their pursuer was recalled to his duty, by an arrival of empty waggon; and before the distance rendered sounds unintelligible, they heard the noisy explanation, which their late companion was giving to the others, of the whole transaction. They were not, however, pursued; the teamsters having more pressing objects in view than the detection of thieves, or even of pocketing a reward.

Ralph led his companions, after a brief explanation, by a long and circuitous path, to the shores of the Bay. Here they found, hid in the rushes of a shallow inlet, a small boat, that Lionel recognized as the little vessel in which Job Pray was wont to pursue his usual avocation of a fisherman. Entering it without delay, he seized the oars, and, aided by a flowing tide, he industriously urged it towards the distant spires of Boston.

The parting shades of the night were yet struggling with the advance of day, when a powerful flash of light illuminated the hazy horizon, and the roar of cannon, which had ceased towards morning, was again heard. But this time the sounds came from the water, and a cloud rose above the smoking harbour, announcing that the



ships were again enlisted in the contest. This sudden cannonade induced Lionel to steer his boat between the islands; for the castle, and southern batteries of the town were all soon united in pouring out their vengeance on the labourers, who still occupied the heights of Dorchester. As the little vessel glided by a tall frigate, Cecil saw the boy who had been her first escort in the wanderings of the preceding night, standing on its taffarel, rubbing his eyes with wonder, and staring at those hills, whose possession he had prophesied would lead to such bloody results. In short, while he laboured at the oars, Lionel witnessed the opening scene of Breeds acted anew, as battery after battery, and ship after ship, brought their guns to bear on the hardy countrymen who had once more hastened a crisis by their daring enterprise. Their boat passed unheeded, in the excitement and bustle of the moment, and the mists of the morning had not yet dissipated, when it shot by the wharfs of Boston, and turning into the narrow entrance of the town-dock, it touched the land near the warehouse, where it had so often been moored, in more peaceable times, by its simple master.

---



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

*“Now cracks a noble heart; — good-night,  
Sweet prince.”*

*Shakspeare.*

---

LIONEL assisted Cecil to ascend the difficult water-stairs, and, still attended by their aged companion, they soon stood on the drawbridge that connected the piers which formed the mouth of the narrow basin.

“Here we again part,” he said addressing himself to Ralph; “at another opportunity let us resume your melancholy tale.”

“None so fitting as the present: the time, the place, and the state of the town, are all favourable.”

Lionel cast his eyes around on the dull misery which pervaded the neglected area. A few half-dressed soldiers and alarmed townsmen were seen,



by the gray light of the morning, rushing across the square towards the point, whence the sounds of cannon proceeded. In the hurry of the moment their own arrival was not noted.

“The place — the time!” he slowly repeated.

“Ay, both. At what moment can the friend of liberty pass more unheeded, amongst these miscreant hirelings, than now, when fear has broken their slumbers. Yon is the place,” he said, pointing to the warehouse, “where all that I have uttered will find its confirmation.”

Major Lincoln communed momentarily with his thoughts. It is probable that in the rapid glances of his mind, he traced the mysterious connection between the abject tenant of the adjacent building, and the deceased grand-mother of his bride, whose active agency in producing the calamities of his family had now been openly acknowledged. It was soon apparent that he wavered in his purpose, nor was he slow to declare it.

“I will attend you,” he said; “for who can say what the hardihood of the rebels may next attempt, and future occasions may be wanting. I will first see this gentle charge of mine — —”

“Lincoln, I cannot — must not leave you!” interrupted Cecil, with earnest fervour — “go, listen, and learn all; surely there can be nothing that a wife may not know!”



Without waiting for further objection, Ralph made a hurried gesture of compliance, and turning, he led the way, with his usual swift footsteps, into the low and dark tenement of Abigail Pray. The commotion of the town had not yet reached this despised and neglected building, which was even more than ordinarily gloomy and still. As they picked their way, however, among the scattered hemp, across the scene of the preceding night's riot, a few stifled groans proceeded from one of the towers, and directed them where to seek its abused and suffering inmates. On opening the door of this little apartment, not only Lionel and Cecil paused, but even the immovable old man appeared to hesitate, in wonder.

The heart-stricken mother of the simpleton was seated on her humble stool, busied in repairing some mean and worthless garments which had, seemingly, been exposed to the wasteful carelessness of her reckless child. But while her fingers performed their functions with mechanical skill, her contracted brow, working muscles, and hard, dry eyes, betrayed the force of the mental suffering that she struggled to conceal. Job still lay stretched on his abject pallet, though his breathing was louder and more laboured than when we last left him, while his sunken features indicated the slow, but encroaching advances of the disease. Polwarth was seated at his side,



holding a pulse, with an air of medical deliberation; and attempting, every few moments, to confirm his hopes or fears, as each preponderated in turn, by examining the glazed eyes of the subject of his care.

Upon a party thus occupied, and with feelings so much engrossed, even the sudden entrance of the intruders was not likely to make any very sensible impression. The languid and unmeaning look of Job wandered momentarily towards the door, and then became again fixed on vacancy. A gleam of joy shot into the honest visage of the captain when he first beheld Lionel, accompanied by Cecil, but it was instantly chased away by the settled meaning of care which had gotten the mastery of his usually contented expression. The greatest alteration was produced in the aspect of the woman, who bowed her head to her bosom, with a universal shudder of her frame, as Ralph stood unexpectedly before her. But from her also, the sudden emotion passed speedily away, her hands resuming their humble occupation, with the same mechanical and involuntary movements as before.

“Explain this scene of silent sorrow!” said Lionel, to his friend — “how came you in this haunt of wretchedness, and who has harmed the lad?”

“Your question conveys its own answer, Major



Lincoln," returned Polwarth, with a manner so deliberate, that he refused to raise his steady look from the face of the sufferer — "I am here, because they are wretched!"

—"The motive is commendable! but what aileth the youth?"

"The functions of nature seem suspended by some remarkable calamity! I found him suffering from inanition, and notwithstanding I applied as hearty and nutritious a meal as the strongest man in the garrison could require, the symptoms, as you see, are strangely threatening!"

"He has taken the contagion of the town, and you have fed him, when his fever was at the highest!"

"Is small-pox to be considered more than a symptom, when a man has the damnable disease of starvation! go to — go to, Leo, you read the Latin poets so much at the schools, that no leisure is left to bestow on the philosophy of nature. There is an inward monitor that teaches every child the remedy for hunger."

Lionel felt no disposition to contend with his friend on a point where the other's opinions were so dogmatical, but turning to the woman, he said —

"The experience of a professional nurse should have taught you, at least, more care."

"Can experience steel a mother to the yearnings



of her offspring for food!" returned the forlorn Abigail — "no, no — the ear cannot be deaf to such a moaning, and wisdom is as folly when the heart bleeds."

"Lincoln, you chide unkindly," said Cecil — "let us rather attempt to avert the danger, than quarrel with its cause."

"It is too late — it is too late," returned the disconsolate mother; "his hours are already numbered, and death is on him. I can now only pray that God will lighten his curse, and suffer the parting spirit to know his Almighty power."

"Throw aside these worthless rags," said Cecil, gently attempting to take the clothes, "nor fatigue yourself longer, at such a sacred moment, with unnecessary labour."

"Young lady, you little know a mother's longings; may you never know her sorrows! I have been doing for the child these seven-and-twenty years; rob me not of the pleasure, now that so little remains to be done."

"Is he then so old! exclaimed Lionel, in surprise.

"Old as he is, 'tis young for a child to die! He wants the look of reason; Heaven in its mercy grant that he may be found to have a face of innocence!"

Hitherto Ralph had remained where he first stood, as if riveted to the floor, with his eyes



fastened on the countenance of the sufferer. He now turned to Lionel, and, in a voice rendered even plaintive by his deep emotion, he asked the simple question —

“Will he die?”

“I fear it — that look is not easily to be mistaken.”

With a step so light that it was inaudible, the old man moved to the bed, and seated himself on the side, opposite to Polwarth. Without regarding the wondering look of the captain, he waved his hand on high, as if to exhort to silence, and then gazing on the features of the sick, with melancholy interest, he said —

“Here, then, is death, again! None are so young as to be unheeded; 'tis only the old that cannot die. Tell me, Job, what seest thou in the visions of thy mind — the unknown places of the damned, or the brightness of such as stand in presence of their God?”

At the well-known sound of his voice, the glazed eye of the simpleton lighted with a ray of reason, and was turned towards the speaker, once more, teeming with a look of meek assurance. The rattling in his throat, for a moment increased, and then ceased entirely; when a voice so deep, that it appeared to issue from the depths of his chest, was heard, saying —



“The Lord wont harm him who never harm’d the creatures of the Lord!”

“Emperors and kings, yea, the great of the earth, might envy thee thy lot, thou unknown child of wretchedness!” returned Ralph — “not yet thirty years of probation, and already thou throwest aside the clay! Like thee did I grow to manhood, and learn how hard it is to live; but like thee I cannot die! — Tell me, boy dost thou enjoy the freedom of the spirit, or hast thou still pain and pleasure in the flesh? Dost see beyond the tomb, and trace thy route through the pathless air, or is all yet hid in the darkness of the grave?”

“Job is going where the Lord has hid his reason,” answered the same hollow voice as before; “his prayers wont be foolish any longer.”

“Pray, then, for one aged and forlorn; who has borne the burden of life till death has forgotten him, and who wearies of the things of earth, where all is treachery and sin. But stay, depart not till thy spirit can bear the signs of repentance from yon sinful woman, into the regions of day.”

Abigail groaned aloud; her hands again refused their occupation, and her head once more sunk on her bosom in abject misery. From this posture of self-abasement and grief, the woman raised herself to her feet, and putting aside the



careless tresses of dark hair, which, though, here and there, streaked with gray, retained much of their youthful gloss, she looked about her with a face so haggard, and eyes so full of meaning, that the common attention was instantly attracted to her movements.

The time has come, and neither fear nor shame shall longer tie my tongue, she said. "The hand of Providence is too manifest in this assemblage around the death-bed of that boy, to be unheeded. Major Lincoln, in that stricken and helpless child, you see one who shares your blood, though he has ever been a stranger to your happiness. Job is your brother!"

"Grief has maddened her!" exclaimed the anxious Cecil — "she knows not what she utters."

"'Tis true!" said the calm tones of Ralph.

"Listen," continued Abigail; "a terrible witness, sent hither by Heaven, speaks to attest I tell no lie. The secret of my transgression is known to him, when I had thought it buried in the affection of one only who owed me every thing."

"Woman!" said Lionel, "in attempting to deceive me, you deceive yourself. Though a voice from heaven should declare the truth of thy damnable tale, still would I deny that foul object the child of my beauteous mother."

"Foul and wretched as you see him, he is



the offspring of one not less fair, though far less fortunate, than thy own boasted parent, proud child of prosperity! Call on Heaven as thou wilt, with that blasphemous tongue, he is no less thy brother, and the elder born."

"'Tis true — 'tis true — 'tis most solemnly a truth!" repeated the unmoved and aged stranger.

"It cannot be!" cried Cecil — "Lincoln credit them not, they contradict themselves."

"Out of thy own mouth will I find reasons to convince you," said Abigail. "Hast thou not owned the influence of the son at the altar? Why should one vain, ignorant, and young as I was, be insensible to the seductions of the father?"

"The child is, then, thine!" exclaimed Lionel, once more breathing with freedom — "proceed with thy tale; you confide it to friends!"

"Yes — yes," cried Abigail, clasping her hands, and speaking with bitter emphasis; "you have all the consolation of proving the difference between the guilt of woman and that of man? Major Lincoln, accursed and polluted as you see me, thy own mother was not more innocent and fair, when my youthful beauty caught thy father's eye. He was great and powerful, and I unknown and frail — yon miserable proof of our transgression did not appear, until he had met your happier mother!"

"Can this be so?"



«The holy gospels are not more true!» murmured Ralph.

«And my father! did he — could he desert thee in thy need?»

«Shame came when virtue and pride had been long forgotten. I was a dependant of his own proud race, and opportunities were not wanting to mark his wandering looks and growing love for the chaste Priscilla. He never knew my state. While I was stricken to the earth by the fruits of guilt, he proved how easy it is for us to forget, in the days of prosperity, the companions of our shame. At length you were born; and, unknown to him, I received his new-born heir from the hands of his jealous aunt. What accursed thoughts beset me at that bitter moment! But, praised be God in heaven, they passed away, and I was spared the sin of murder!»

«Murder!»

«Even of murder. You know not the desperate thoughts the wretched harbour for relief! But opportunity was not long wanting, and I enjoyed the momentary, hellish pleasure of revenge. Your father went in quest of his rights, and disease attacked his beloved wife. Yes, foul and unseemly as is my wretched child, the beauty of thy mother was changed to a look still more hideous! Such as Job now seems, was the injured woman on her



death-bed. I feel all thy justice, Lord of power, and bow before thy will !”

“Injured woman !” repeated Lionel, “say on, and I will bless thee !”

Abigail gave a groan, so deep and hollow, that for a moment, the listeners believed it was the parting struggle of the spirit of her son, and she sunk, helplessly, into her seat, again concealing her features in her dress.

“Injured woman !” slowly repeated Ralph, with the most taunting contempt in his accents — “what punishment does not a wanton merit ?”

“Ay, injured !” cried the awakened son — “my life on it, thy tale, at least, is false.”

The old man was silent, but his lips moved rapidly, as if he muttered an incredulous reply to himself, while a scornful smile cast its bright and peculiar meaning across the wasted lineaments of his face.

“I know not what you may have heard from others,” continued Abigail, speaking so low that her words were nearly lost in the difficult and measured breathing of Job — “but I call Heaven to witness that you, now, shall hear no lie. The laws of the province commanded that the victims of the foul distemper should be kept apart, and your mother was placed at the mercy of myself, and one other, who loved her still less than I.”

“Just Providence ! you did no violence ?”



“The disease spared us such a crime. She died in her new deformity, while I remained a looker-on if not in the beauty of my innocence, still free from the withering touch of scorn and want. Yes, I found a sinful, but flattering consolation in that thought! Vain, weak, and foolish as I had been, never did I regard my own fresh beauty, with half the inward pleasure that I looked upon the foulness of my rival. Your aunt, too — she was not without the instigations of the worker of mischief.”

“Speak only of my mother,” interrupted the impatient Lionel — “of my aunt, I already know the whole.”

“Unmoved and calculating as she was, how little did she understand good from evil! She even thought to crack the heart-strings, and render whole, by her weak inventions, that which the power of God could only create. The gentle spirit of thy mother had hardly departed, before a vile plot was hatched to destroy the purity of her fame. Blinded fools that we were! She thought to lead by her soothing arts, aided by his wounded affections, the husband to the feet of her own daughter, the innocent mother of her who stands beside thee; and I was so vain as to hope, that in time, justice and my boy, might plead with the father and seducer, and raise me to the envied station of her whom I hated.”



“And this foul calumny you repeated, with all its basest colouring, to my abused father?”

“We did — we did; yes, God, he knows we did! and when he hesitated to believe, I took the holy evangelists as witnesses of my truth!”

“And he,” said Lionel, nearly choked by his emotions — “he believed it!”

“When he heard the solemn oath of one, whose whole guilt he thought lay in her weakness to himself, he did. As we listened to his terrible denunciations, and saw the frown which darkened his manly beauty, we both thought we had succeeded. But how little did we know the difference between rooted passion and passing inclination! The heart we thought to alienate from its dead partner, we destroyed; and the reason we conspired to deceive was maddened!”

When her voice ceased, so profound a silence reigned in the place, that the roar of the distant cannonade sounded close at hand, and even low murmurs of the excited town swept by, like the whisperings of the wind. Job suddenly ceased to breathe, as though his spirit had only lingered to hear the confession of his mother, and Polwarth dropped the arm of the dead simpleton, unconscious of the interest he had so lately taken in his fate. In the midst of this death-like stillness, the old man stole from the side of the body, and stood before the self-condemned Abigail, whose



form was writhing under her mental anguish. Crouching more like a tiger than a man, he sprang upon her, with a cry so sudden, so wild, and horrid, that it caused all within its hearing to shudder with instant dread.

„Beldame!“ he shouted, „I have thee now! Bring hither the book! the blessed word of God! Let her swear, let her swear! Let her damn her perjured soul, in impious oaths!“

„Monster! release the woman!“ cried Lionel, advancing to the assistance of the struggling penitent; „thou, too, hoary-headed wretch, hast deceived me!“

„Lionel! Lionel!“ shrieked Cecil, „stay that unnatural hand! you raise it on thy father!“

Lionel staggered back to the wall, where he stood motionless, and gasping for breath. Left to work his own frantic will, the maniac would speedily have terminated the sorrows of the wretched woman, had not the door been burst open with a crush, and the stranger who was left by the cunning of the madman, in the custody of the Americans, rushed to the rescue.

„I know your yell, my gentle baronet!“ cried the aroused keeper, for such in truth he was, „and I have a mark for your malice, which would have gladly had me hung! But I have not followed you from kingdom to kingdom, from Europe to America, to be cheated by a lunatic?“



It was apparent, by the lowering look of the fellow, how deeply he resented the danger he had just escaped, as he sprang forward to seize his prisoner. Ralph abandoned his hold the instant this hated object appeared, and he darted upon the breast of the other with the undaunted fury that a lion, at bay, would turn upon its foe. The struggle was fierce and obstinate. Hoarse oaths, and the most savage execrations burst from the incensed keeper, and were blended with the wildest ravings of madness from Ralph. The excited powers of the maniac at length prevailed, and his antagonist fell under their irresistible impulse. Quicker than thought Ralph was seen hovering on the chest of his victim, while he grasped his throat with fingers of iron.

“Vengeance is holy!” cried the maniac, bursting into a shout of horrid laughter, at his triumph, and shaking his gray locks till they flowed in wild confusion around his glowing eye-balls; “Urim and Thummim are the words of glory! Liberty is the shout! die, damned dog! die like the fiends in darkness, and leave freedom to the air!”

By a mighty effort the grasping man released his throat a little from the gripe that nearly throttled him, and cried with difficulty —

“For the love of heavenly justice, come to my aid! will you see a man thus murdered?”

But he addressed himself to the sympathies of the



listeners in vain. The females had hid their faces, in natural horror; the maimed Polwarth was yet without his artificial limb; and Lionel still looked upon the savage fray with a vacant eye. At this moment of despair, the hand of the keeper was seen plunging, with violence, into the side of Ralph, who sprang upon his feet at the third blow, laughing immoderately, but with sounds so wild and deep, that they seemed to shake his inmost soul. His antagonist profited by the occasion, and darted from the room with the headlong precipitation of guilt.

The countenance of the maniac, as he now stood, struggling between life and death, changed with each fleeting impulse. The blood flowed freely from the wounds in his side, and as the fatal tide ebbed away, a ray of passing reason lighted his pallid and ghastly features. His inward laugh entirely ceased. The glaring eye-balls became stationary, and his look, gradually softening, settled on the appalled pair, who took the deepest interest in his welfare. A calm and decent expression possessed those lineaments which had just exhibited the deepest marks of the wrath of God. His lips moved in a vain effort to speak; and stretching forth his arms, in the attitude of benediction, like the mysterious shadow of the chapel, he fell backward on the body of the lifeless and long-neglected Job, himself perfectly dead.

---



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

*"I saw an aged man upon his bier,  
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow  
A record of the cares of many a year;  
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.  
And there was sadness round, and faces bow'd,  
And woman's tears fell fast, and children  
wail'd aloud."*

*Briant.*

---

As the day advanced, the garrison of Boston was put in motion. The same bustle, the same activity, the same gallant bearing in some, and dread reluctance in others, were exhibited, as on the morning of the fight of the preceding summer. The haughty temper of the royal commander could ill brook the bold enterprise of the colonists; and, at an early hour, orders were issued to prepare to dislodge them. Every gun that could be brought to bear upon the hills was employed to molest the Americans, who



calmly continued their labours, while shot were whistling around them on every side. Towards evening a large force was embarked, and conveyed to the castle. Washington appeared on the heights in person, and every military evidence of the intention of a resolute attack on one part, and of a stout resistance on the other, became apparent.

But the fatal experience of Breeds had taught a lesson that was still remembered. The same leaders were to be the principal actors in the coming scene, and it was necessary to use the remnants of the very regiments which had bled so freely on the former occasion. The half-trained husbandmen of the colonies were no longer despised; and the bold operations of the past winter had taught the English generals that, as subordination increased among their foes, their movements were conducted with a more vigorous direction of their numbers. The day was accordingly wasted in preparations. Thousands of men slept on their arms that night, in either army, in the expectation of rising, on the following morning, to be led to the field of slaughter.

It is not improbable, from the tardiness of their movements, that a large majority of the royal forces did not regret the providential interposition, which certainly saved them torrents of blood, and not improbably, the ignominy of a



defeat. One of the sudden tempests of the climate arose in the darkness, driving before it men and beasts, to seek protection, in their imbecility, from the more powerful warring of the elements. The golden moments were lost; and, after enduring so many privations, and expending so many lives in vain, Howe sullenly commenced his arrangements to abandon a town, on which the English ministry had, for years, lavished their indignation, with all the acrimony, and, as it now seemed, with the impotency of a blind revenge.

To carry into effect this sudden and necessary determination, was not the work of an hour. As it was the desire of the Americans, however, to receive their town back again as little injured as possible, they forbore to push the advantage they possessed, by occupying those heights, which, in a great measure, commanded the anchorage, as well as a new and vulnerable face of the defences of the king's army. While the semblance of hostilities was maintained by an irregular and impotent cannonade, conducted with so little spirit as to wear the appearance of being intended only to amuse, one side was diligently occupied in preparing to depart, and the other was passively awaiting the moment when they might peaceably repossess their own. It is unnecessary to remind the reader that the entire command



of the sea by the British, would have rendered any serious attempt to arrest their movements, perfectly futile.

In this manner a week was passed, after the tempest had abated — the place exhibiting, throughout this period, all the hurry and bustle, the joy and distress, that such an unlooked for event was likely to create.

Toward the close of one of those busy and stirring days, a short funeral train was seen issuing from a building which had long been known as the residence of one of the proudest families in the province. Above the outer door of the mansion was suspended a gloomy hatchment, charged with the «courant» deer of Lincoln, encircled by the usual mementos of mortality, and bearing the rare symbol of the «bloody-hand.» — This emblem of heraldic grief, which was never adopted in the provinces, except at the death of one of high importance, a custom that has long since disappeared with the usages of the monarchy, had caught the eyes of a few idle boys, who alone were sufficiently unoccupied, at that pressing moment, to note its exhibition. With the addition of these truant urchins, the melancholy procession took its way toward the neighbouring churchyard of the King's Chapel.

The large bier was covered by a pall so ample that it swept the stones of the threshold, while



entering into the body of the church. Here it was met by the divine we have had occasion to mention more than once, who gazed, with a look of strange interest, at the solitary and youthful mourner, that closely followed in his dark weeds. The ceremony, however, proceeded with the usual solemnity, and the attendants slowly moved deeper into the sacred edifice. Next to the young man came the well-known persons of the British commander-in-chief, and of his quick-witted and favourite lieutenant. Between them walked an officer of inferior rank, who, notwithstanding his maimed condition, had been able, by the deliberation of the march, to beguile the ears of his companions, to the very moment of meeting the clergyman, with some tale of no little interest, and great apparent mystery. The remainder of the train, which consisted only of the family of the two generals, and a few menials, came last, if we except the idlers, who stole curiously in their foot steps.

When the service was ended, the same private communication was resumed between the two chieftains, and their companion, and continued until they arrived at the open vault, in a distant corner of the inclosure. Here the low conversation ended, and the eye of Howe, which had hitherto been riveted in deep attention on the speaker, began to wander in the direction of



the dangerous hills occupied by his enemies. The interruption seemed to have broken the charm of the secret conversation, and the anxious countenances of both the leaders betrayed how soon their thoughts had wandered from a tale of great private distress, to their own heavier cares and duties.

The bier was placed before the opening, and the assistants of the sexton advanced to perform their office. When the pall was removed, to the evident amazement of most of the spectators, two coffins were exposed to view. One was clothed in black velvet, studded with silver nails, and ornamented after the richest fashions of human pride, while the other lay in the simple nakedness of the clouded wood. On the breast of the first rose a heavy silver plate, bearing a long inscription, and decorated with the usual devices of heraldry; and on the latter, were simply carved on the lid, the two initial letters J. P.

The impatient looks of the English generals intimated to Dr Liturgy the value of every moment, and in less time than we consume in relating it, the bodies of the high-descended man of wealth, and of his nameless companion, were lowered into the vault, and left to decay, in silent contact, with that of the woman who, in life, had been so severe a scourge to both. After a hesitation of a single moment in de-



ference to the young mourner, the gentlemen present, perceiving that he manifested a wish to remain, quitted the place in a body, with the exception of the maimed officer, already mentioned, whom the reader has at once recognised to be Polwarth. When the man had replaced the stone above the mouth of the vault, securing it by a stout bar of iron, and a heavy lock, they delivered the key to the principal actor in the scene. He received it in silence, and dropping gold into their hands, motioned to them to depart.

In another instant a careless observer would have thought that Lionel and his friend were the only living possessors of the churchyard. But under the adjoining wall, partly hid from observation by the numerous head-stones, was the form of a woman, bowed to the earth, while her figure was concealed by the cloak she had gathered shapelessly about her. As soon as the gentlemen perceived they were alone, they slowly advanced to the side of this desolate being.

Their approaching footsteps were not unheeded, though, instead of facing those who so evidently wished to address her, she turned to the wall, and began to trace, with unconscious fingers, the letters of a tablet in slate, which was let into the brick-work, to mark the position of the tomb of the Lechmeres.



“We can do no more,” said the young mourner — “all now rests with a mightier hand than any of earth.”

The squalid limb, that was thrust from beneath the red garment, trembled, but it still continued its unmeaning employment.

“Sir Lionel Lincoln speaks to you,” said Polwarth, on whose arm the youthful baronet leaned.

“Who!” shrieked Abigail Pray, casting aside her covering, and baring those sunken features, on which misery had made terrible additional inroads within a few days — “I had forgotten — I had forgotten! the son succeeds the father; but the mother must follow her child to the grave!”

“He is honourably interred with those of his blood, and by the side of one who loved his simple integrity!”

“Yes, he is better lodged in death than he was in life! Thank God! he can never know cold or hunger more!”

“You will find that I have made a provision for your future comfort, and I trust that the close of your life will be happier than its prime.”

“I am alone,” said the woman, hoarsely. “The old will avoid me, and the young will look upon me in scorn! Perjury and revenge lie heavy on my soul!”



The young baronet was silent, but Polwarth assumed the right to reply —

“I will not pretend to assert,” said the worthy captain, “that these are not both wicked companions; but I have no doubt you will find somewhere in the Bible, a suitable consolation for each particular offence. Let me recommend to you a hearty diet, and I’ll answer for an easy conscience. I never knew the prescription fail. Look about you in the world — does your well-fed villain feel remorse! No; it’s only when his stomach is empty that he begins to think of his errors! I would also suggest the expediency of commencing soon, with something substantial, as you shew, altogether, too much bone, at present, for a thriving condition. I would not wish to say any thing distressing, but we both of us may remember a case where nourishment came too late.”

“Yes, yes, it came too late!” murmured the conscience-stricken woman — “all comes too late, even the penitence, I fear!”

“Say not so,” observed Lionel; “you do outrage to the promises of one who never spoke false.”

Abigail stole a fearful glance at him, which expressed all the secret terror of her soul, as she half whispered —

“Who witnessed the end of Madam Lechmere! did her spirit pass in peace?”



Sir Lionel, again, remained profoundly silent.

«I thought it," she continued — «'tis not a sin to be forgotten on a death-bed! To plot evil, and call on God, aloud, to look upon it! Ay! and to madden a brain, and strip a soul like his to nakedness! Go," she added, beckoning them away with earnestness — «ye are young and happy; why should ye linger near the grave! Leave me, that I may pray among the tombs! If any thing can smooth the bitter moment, it is prayer.»

Lionel dropped the key he held in his hand at her feet, and said, before he left her.

«Yon vault is closed for ever, unless, at your request, it should be opened at some future time, to place you by the side of your son. The children of those who built it are already gathered there, with the exception of two, who go to the other hemisphere to leave their bones. Take it, and may Heaven forgive you, as I do!»

He let fall a heavy purse by the side of the key, and, without uttering more, he again took the arm of Polwarth, and together they left the place. As they turned through the gate-way, into the street, each stole a glance at the distant woman. She had risen to her knees; her hands had grasped a head-stone, and her face was bowed nearly to the earth, while, by the writhing of her form, and the humility of her attitude,



is was apparent that her spirit struggled powerfully with the Lord for mercy.

Three days afterwards the Americans entered, triumphantly, on the retiring footsteps of the royal army. The first among them, who hastened to visit the graves of their fathers found the body of a woman, who had seemingly died under the severity of the season. She had unlocked the vault, in a vain effort to reach her child, and there her strength had failed her. Her limbs were decently stretched on the faded grass, while her features were composed, exhibiting in death the bland traces of that remarkable beauty which had distinguished and betrayed her youth. The gold still lay neglected where it had fallen.

The amazed townsmen avoided this spectacle with horror, rushing into other places to gaze at the changes and the destruction of their beloved birth-place. But a follower of the royal army, who had lingered to plunder, and who had witnessed the interview between the officers and Abigail, shortly succeeded them. He lifted the flag, and, lowering the body, closed the vault; then, hurling away the key, he seized the money and departed.

The slate has long since mouldered from the wall; the sod has covered the stone, and few are left who can designate the spot where the



proud families of Lechmere and Lincoln were wont to inter their dead.

Sir Lionel and Polwarth proceeded in the deepest silence, to the long-wharf, where a boat received them. They were rowed to the much-admired frigate that was standing off and on under easy sail, waiting their arrival. On her decks they met Agnes Danforth, with her eyes softened by tears, though a rich flush mantled on her cheeks, at witnessing the compelled departure of those invaders she had never loved.

“I have only remained to give you a parting kiss, cousin Lionel,” said the frank girl, affectionately saluting him, “and now shall take my leave, without repeating those wishes that you know are so often conveyed in my prayers.”

“You will then leave us?” said the young baronet, smiling for the first time for many a day. “You know that this cruelty — —”

He was interrupted by a loud hem from Polwarth, who advanced, and taking the hand of the lady, repeated his wish to retain it for ever, for at least the fiftieth time. She heard him in silence, and with much apparent respect, though an arch smile stole upon her much-apparent gravity, before he had ended. She then thanked him with suitable grace, and gave him a final and decided refusal. The captain sustained the repulse like one who had seen



much similar service, and politely lent his assistance to help the obdurate girl into her boat. Here she was received by a young man who was apparelled like an American officer. Sir Lionel thought the bloom on her cheek deepened, as her companion assiduously drew a cloak around her form, to protect her from the chill of the water. Instead of returning to the town, the boat, which bore a flag, pulled directly for the shore occupied by the Americans. The following week Agnes was united to this gentleman, in the bosom of her own family. They soon after took quiet possession of the house in Tremont-street, and of all the large real estate left by Mrs Lechmere, which had been previously bestowed on her, by Cecil, as a dowry.

As soon as his passengers appeared, the captain of the frigate communicated with his admiral, by signal, and received, in return, the expected order to proceed in the execution of his trust. In a few minutes the swift vessel was gliding by the heights of Dorchester, training her guns on the adverse hills, and hurriedly spreading her canvass as she passed. The Americans, however, looked on in sullen silence, and she was suffered to gain the open ocean, unmolested, when she made the best of her way to England, with the important intelligence of the intended evacuation.



She was speedily followed by the fleet, since which period the long-oppressed and devoted town of Boston has never been visited by an enemy.

During their passage to England, sufficient time was allowed Lionel, and his gentle companion, to reflect on all that had occurred. Together, in the fullest confidence, they traced the wanderings of intellect which had so closely and mysteriously connected the deranged father with his impotent child; and as they reasoned, by descending to the secret springs of his disordered impulses, they were easily enabled to divest the incidents we have endeavoured to relate, of all their obscurity and doubt.

The keeper, who had been sent in quest of the fugitive madman, never returned to his native land. No offers of forgiveness could induce the unwilling agent in the death of the baronet, to trust his person again within the influence of the British laws. Perhaps he was conscious of a motive that none but an inward monitor might detect. Lionel, tired at length with importuning without success, commissioned the husband of Agnes to place him in a situation, where, by industry, his future comfort was amply secured.

Polwarth died quite lately. Notwithstanding his maimed limb, he contrived, by the assistance



of his friend, to ascend the ladder of promotion, by regular gradations, nearly to its summit. At the close of his long life, he wrote Gen., Bart., and M. P. after his name. When England was threatened with the French invasion, the garrison he commanded was distinguished for being better provisioned than any other in the realm, and no doubt it would have made a resistance equal to its resources. In parliament, where he sat for one of the Lincoln boroughs, he was chiefly distinguished for the patience with which he listened to the debates, and for the remarkable cordiality of the "ay" that he pronounced on every vote for supplies. To the day of his death, he was a strenuous advocate for the virtues of a rich diet, in all cases of physical suffering, "especially," as he would add, with an obstinacy that fed itself, "in instances of debility from febrile symptoms."

Within a year of their arrival, the uncle of Cecil died, having shortly before followed an only son to the grave. By this unlooked-for event, Lady Lincoln became the possessor of his large estates, as well as of an ancient barony, that descended to the heirs-general. From this time, until the eruption of the French revolution, Sir Lionel Lincoln, and Lady Cardonnell, as Cecil was now styled, lived together in sweetest concord, the gentle influence of her



affection moulding and bending the feverish temperament of her husband at will. The heirloom of the family, that distempered feeling so often mentioned, was forgotten, in the even tenor of their happiness. When the heaviest pressure on the British constitution was apprehended, and it became the policy of the minister to enlist the wealth and talent of his nation in its support, by propping the existing administration, the rich baronet received a peerage in his own person. Before the end of the century he was further advanced to a dormant earldom, that had, in former ages, been one of the honours of an elder branch of his family.

Of all the principal actors in the foregoing tale, not one is now living. Even the roses of Cecil and Agnes have long since ceased to bloom, and Death has gathered them, in peace and innocence, with all that had gone before. The historical facts of our legend are beginning to be obscured by time; and it is more than probable, that the prosperous and affluent English peer, who now enjoys the honours of the House of Lincoln, never knew the secret history of his family, while it sejournd in a remote province of the British empire.

**THE END.**















Cooper, James Fenimore,

Lionel Lincoln or the leaguer of Boston ; In Four Volumes

Bd.: 4

Zwickau (1829)

Bamberg, Staatsbibliothek -- L.angl.d.2(2#2  
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11714574-6